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LYRA DOMESTICA.



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Lyra Domestica:

TRANSLATED FROM THE "PSALTERY AND HARP"

OF C. J. P. SPITTA

Karl Johann Philipp

By RICHARD MASSIE.

WITH ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS

By REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE high office of sacred poetry, as ministering strength and comfort to believers, has been acknowledged in the Church from the beginning. "Hymns to Christ" are known to have been a principal part of the regular worship of the Christians of the primitive age. Tertullian mentions that, in his time, at the Love-Feasts, when the Redeemer's Sacrifice was celebrated in the Holy Communion, each partaker in the Eucharist was invited to sing a song of adoration, either in his own language, or in the words of Scripture. St. Augustine's account of the effect of the singing in the church at Milan makes us feel that there was a grandeur and a tenderness in it, beyond even his extraordinary powers of description. Sometimes the impression of this part of the church-service, alternately subduing and kindling the soul, appears to have been so great as not only to yield

wonderful accessions of faith and hope to the disciples, but even to bring the heathen to conversion; for there is testimony from the Early Fathers to show that Gentiles who were drawn to the Christian assemblies to hear their music, were touched by the Spirit and baptized before going away. It is also quite observable that those periods in the Church when the breaking forth of divine song among the people has been most original and universal, have been the periods of religious awakening. A new manifestation of Christ in the renewal of zeal and activity in his Living Body seems always to bring with it louder and heartier strains of musical adoration. It was certainly so when the Reformation reopened the fountains of religious feeling through Europe. The air of a continent was filled with ascending melodies. Not only did Luther himself justify this use of an art that the children of the world have no right to appropriate, saying, "Every one knows how David and all Saints have put their divine thoughts into verse, rhyme, and song," but the joyous multitudes, who needed no formal justification of what the God of Nature and the Holy Ghost inspired, took up the

praise without misgiving, and thousands at a time might be heard singing in the streets of Augsburg, or at St. Paul's Cross. Every note in the scale of lyrical emotion was touched, by some stroke, from the more artificial accommodations of the Psalms, prepared by Marot for the flippant tongues of the court of Francis I., to the rugged chants of the Hussites, the Bohemian Brethren, and the Albigenses, shouted bravely heavenward in wild hiding-places among the rocks, from between the very jaws of persecution, and amidst the fires of martyrdom.

But the consecrated genius of the Christian world has not been confined to any epochs. From every portion of the history of the Church we can gather some precious relics of sacred verse. In the ages of contemplative, as well as of demonstrative faith, holy men have kept on singing their gratitude and trust. In the darkest hours the voice has not ceased. Indeed, in not a few instances did it appear that, for the outward obscurity, "so much the rather the celestial light shone inward." That august idea of a *Laus perennis*, of which the monks in one of the Eastern cities dreamed, and which they at-

tempted to inaugurate, has had a realization in historical hymnings to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It is quite remarkable, and to many thoughtful minds it is a fact which holds in it a significant argument, that so strong a tendency has been manifest, within the last few years, to return to the unrivalled and inimitable "songs of faith" composed by the old believers. May it not be a profound intimation of a real historic unity in Christ's church, which has been too willingly overlooked; proving that truths, theological and ecclesiastical, may make a shorter way to the heart in hymns than in articles and creeds? In the midst of the eager enterprise and noisy self-assertion of these times, there seems to have silently sprung up a hunger for some kind of bread not grown on our fields, — bread that is missing, however, let us think, more for lack of culture than from an exhaustion of God's Soil. Why it was that saints of other days had so much more quiet illumination, rested in the Lord more perfectly, and told their mysterious secret in numbers at once nobler and sweeter, than modern Christians, we may not be able to tell; as we are not able to

define, by any analysis, what are the subtle elements that go to make up the peculiar creation, a hymn, distinguishing it from every other kind of poetic production. Perhaps, as a spirit kindred to their own has said, it was because "the dear cross pressed many songs out of them." However this may be, we shall do well to see to it that this desire which turns away from the full feast of contemporaneous literature, attracted by the rich flavor of the past, and insists that "the old is better," shall not be left unsatisfied. Already the gleaners, like Miss Winkworth and many more, have been busy, and their ears and clusters are before us in such prized and consolatory works as the "Lyra Apostolica," "Lyra Germanica," "Lyra Catholica," "Hymns of the Ages," and "Sacred Lyrics." We have found some new "handfuls" and present them for this "Lyra Domestica."

But we have not collected altogether from bygone centuries. Within the last year, a small volume, having the title just mentioned, has been issued from the press of Longman, Green, Longman and Roberts, of London, consisting entirely of translations from the lyrical poems of Carl Jo-

hann Philipp Spitta, a German Lutheran divine. This work, hitherto not republished in this country, has had but a limited circulation among American readers. Indeed, among the chances of public criticism, and in the flood-tide of recent poetical literature, both domestic and foreign, it appears to have received less attention than might justly have been challenged by the character of its publishers, the beauty of its execution, and the reputation of its translator, Mr. Richard Massie, to say nothing of its intrinsic merits. Most of these pieces appear unaltered in the First Part of the present collection.

Inquiry will naturally be made respecting their author. At the time of his death, which happened only about a year ago, in October, 1859, he was "Pastor Primarius" and Superintendent at Burgdorf, in the Kingdom of Hanover, to which place he had been not long before transferred from a similar office at Peine, in the principality of Hildersheim. He was a native of Hanover, where he was born in 1801. From 1821 to 1824 he was a student of theology at the University of Göttingen. Previous to his appointment at Peine, he had been in the impor-

tant and honorable post of Ecclesiastical Superintendent at Wittengen, Pastor at Wesshold in Hoya, and Assistant Pastor at Südwald, where he began his ministerial labors in the Lutheran Church in the year 1828. He had also served several years as chaplain to the garrison and Reformatory at Hameln, and it appears to have been at this period of his life that he published, at Leipsic, the greater part of those poetical compositions, under the title of *Psalter und Harfe*, on which his high reputation as a German lyricist principally rests. It must be remembered that his reputation competes with that of no less than two hundred and fifty German hymn-books, containing, in all, sixty thousand hymns. An interesting glimpse into his domestic dispositions and habits is afforded us in the statement, — almost the only one we have been able to discover bearing on his personal or private history, — that most of his hymns were set to music, and that he often sung them at evening with his daughters, — perhaps composing both hymn and tune together, as Luther did, — the harmony of the voices and the melody of the words being such that crowds of people used to gather un-

der his windows to listen. In this circumstance, taken in connection with the German name he gave to his songs, we may find the origin of the beautiful Latin appellation afterwards applied to them, and applied by us to the whole of the present collection.

It is the less necessary to enter here into any critique or any commendation of this modern "minnesinger," minister-singer, or meister-singer, because the reader who notices this Introduction will probably look far enough into the volume to form a judgment of his own on its deservings. Those who prize one kind of poetry which now has considerable popularity, will probably be dissatisfied with this. It is without fury, without paroxysm, and even without much apparent effort. If poetic originality consists in the production of far-fetched images, startling surprises of expression, bold paradoxes, or odd conceits, these verses are not very original. They give no impression of any strain in the composition, nor do they strain the attention of the reader, whether to find out their particular meanings, or to trace the connection between one thought or fancy in them and another. They are

simply the natural, elevated, melodious utterance, in measure and rhyme, of a vigorous, disciplined, music-loving mind, the light of whose genius is blended with the sunny warmth of a pure and devout heart. They abound in those clear annunciations of spiritual truth which a genuine experience of divine realities always readily recognizes as the result of a similar experience in another. They reach down into solemn depths of sorrow, and up into holy heights of joy ; but they do both with an unbroken tranquillity of spirit which makes us feel that the joy is chastened, and the sorrow not comfortless. We listen to the flowing strains as to the quiet breathings of a soul thoroughly at peace in God, knowing in whom it has believed ; and our own souls sing, whether our voices can sing or not. Nor are the signs of ripe culture less manifest than those of direct religious insight. The thoughts move with the ease and dignity which are an unerring proof of large and patient study. The wide scenery of outward nature, of classical learning, and of Biblical revelation, has been open to these eyes ; the accurate and truthful reading of it has at once enriched and refined this

imagination. And thus, to all who come with the preparation of sympathy, in a frame of contemplation, or of aspiration, or of worship, it will not be strange if the verdict of this author's countrymen seems to be justified, which places his name with those of the great masters of German Sacred Song, some of whom Wesley was willing to translate, — Gerhardt, Klopstock, and Scheffler (Angelus Silesius), or at least with those of Zinzendorf, Arndt, and Tersteegen.

From these, too, we have made selections ; from that brilliant and saintly company who have been to the last two or three centuries what Clement, Ambrose, Hilary, and Gregory were to the earlier ages of the Church ; from poems which are sublime confessions of Christ before men, breathing his love, catholic with his charity, preaching his gospel, commending his sacraments, calling to his baptism, celebrating his eucharist, rejoicing in his cross, glorifying his Nativity, Easter, and Pentecost, honoring the noble army of his martyrs, and breathing down the hallowed fire of their piety and prayers through worshipping generations. Several pieces are taken from

“Lyra Christiana,” and from “Altar Stones,” two works lately published in Great Britain.

In the index to the concluding part of the volume, many if not most of the elect and imperial names of religious poetry will be found. We have not overlooked the originality of Herbert, the reverence of Vaughan, (who said of Herbert, “His holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am least,”) the quaintness of Quarles, the enthusiasm of Wither, the energy of Coleridge, nor the varied claims of Mauburn and Drummond, Madame Guion and Mrs. Browning, St. Bernard and Her-rick, Ken and Keble, Xavier, Eber, and Fa-ber. Nor are the least worthy pieces those which have come from anonymous writers, the authors of “a few hymns which become an imperishable inheritance to the people of God,” of whom James Montgomery, in his preface to the Christian Psalmist, says he would rather be one, than “to bequeath another epic to the world which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and Milton.”

Whatever the honors of the authors, we may all well join in the invocation of Martin Luther, uttered in an introduction of his

own to old "Spiritual Songs," — "Therefore, that such beautiful ornament of music, properly used, may tend to the glory of our blessed Creator, and the edifying of Christians, that He be praised and honored, and that we, having His holy word impressed on the heart by sweet songs, be strengthened in the faith, may God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost mercifully grant! Amen."

F. D. H.

Boston, All Saints' Day, 1860.



LYRA DOMESTICA.



SALVATION IS COME TO THIS HOUSE.



HAPPY house, O home supremely
blest,
Where Thou, Lord Jesus Christ,
art entertained

As the most welcome and belovèd guest,
With true devotion and with love unfeigned :
Where all hearts beat in unison with Thine,
Where eyes grow brighter as they look on
Thee,
Where all are ready, at the slightest sign,
To do Thy will and do it heartily.

O happy house, where man and wife are one
Through love of Thee, in spirit, heart, and
mind ;
Together joined by holy bands, which none,
Not death itself, can sever or unbind :
Where both on Thee unfailingly depend,
In weal and woe, in good and evil days,

And hope with Thee eternity to spend
In sweet communion and eternal praise.

O happy house, where with the hands of prayer
Parents commit their children to the Friend,
Who, with a more than mother's tender care,
Will watch and keep them safely to the end:
Where they are taught to sit at Jesus' feet,
And listen to the words of life and truth,
And learn to lisp His praise in accents sweet,
From early childhood to advancing youth.

O happy house, where man and maid pursue
Their daily labours as unto the Lord,
Desiring only that whate'er they do
May be according to His will and word:
As servants, yet as friends and brethren too,
Their love with deep humility combined,
No less in little than in great things true,
They serve Him gladly with a willing mind.

O happy house, where Thou dost share the weal,
Where none forget Thee, whatsoe'er befall;
O happy house, where Thou the wounds dost heal,
The Healer and the Comforter of all;
Till every one his stated task hath done,
And all at length shall peacefully depart
To the bright realms where Thou Thyself art
gone,
The Father's house where Thou already art.

I AND MY HOUSE WILL SERVE THE LORD.



AND my house are ready, Lord,
With hearts that beat in sweet
accord,

To serve Thee and obey Thee;

Be in the midst of us, we pray,
To guide and bless us, that we may

A willing service pay Thee:

Of us all,

Great and small,

Make a pious congregation,

Pure in life and conversation.

Let Thy good Spirit by the word

Work mightily in us, O Lord,

Our souls and bodies filling!

O let the Sun of grace shine bright,

That there may be abundant light

In us and in our dwelling:

On our way,

Night and day,

With the heavenly manna feed us,

To the heavenly Canaan lead us.

Send peace and blessing from above,
Unite us all in faith and love

Who in this house are living;
Let charity our hearts prepare
To suffer long and all things bear,
Meek, gentle, and forgiving:
Nor in aught
Christ hath taught
Let us fail to one another,
But each love and help his brother.

Lord, let our house be built upon
Thy faithfulness and grace alone;
And when the day is closing,
And night her gloomy shadow flings,
Let us lie down beneath Thy wings
With childlike trust reposing;

E'en with smart
In the heart,
Cheerful, happy, and confiding,
Patiently in Thee abiding.

If Thou shouldst bless our home with wealth,
Let not the world creep in by stealth,

And take away the blessing;
For if our hearts should empty be
Of meekness and humility,

Although all else possessing,
We should miss
That true bliss,

Which not all the world's vast treasure
Can supply in smallest measure.

But this, O Lord, we pray for most,
That in our house the Holy Ghost

May ever be presiding ;

He can preserve our souls from sin,
Keep order and sound discipline,

His Spirit all things guiding :

O may we

Ever be

By the Spirit thus attended

Till our pilgrimage is ended !



UP! PSALTERY AND HARP.



ONLY was the way and dreary
Once to Canaan's fair abode ;
Few there were, who, faint and
weary,

Trod the unfrequented road :
For by thousands mocked and chidden
They pursued the dangerous way,
Which appeared as though forbidden
And beneath a curse it lay.

True it is, that Sion's daughters
Never their sweet home forgot ;
By Euphrates' silent waters
Weeping and deprest they sat :
On the willow-trees beside them
Hung their harps ; for none would sing,
In a land where foes deride them,
Songs of praise to Sion's King.

As they spake to one another
Of the Lord's beloved abode,
Sighs burst forth they could not smother,
Tears of bitter anguish flowed :

For the Heathen hordes had wasted
 God's own house with open shame,
 Till the Lord from Heaven hasted
 To the help of His great name.

From the neighbouring hills descending,
 Heralds peaceful tidings bear ;
 Songs of home and joy are rending
 With sweet sounds the startled air.
 On they press o'er hill and valley,
 E'en the desert teems with life,
 And should any seem to dally,
 They are urged with friendly strife.

Yes ! the Lord Himself hath spoken ;
 Strike your tents, be glad of heart ;
 He whose word can not be broken,
 Saith, "from Babylon depart."
 God hath heard your sighs, and ended
 Many a year of grief and wrong ;
 Take your harps so long suspended,
 Join ye all in grateful song.

God, renowned in Israel's story,
 My Redeemer, God, and King,
 I will magnify Thy glory
 With sweet psalms and tuneful string.
 Grateful tribute ever bringing,
 I will praise Thee night and day,
 Songs of joy and triumph singing,
 As I climb the narrow way.

MORNING.



HE purple morning gilds the East-
ern skies,
And what the night had hidden
from our eyes

Now stands revealed to our admiring gaze ;
Mountain and valley, wood and fruitful plain,
Which in their misty bed asleep had lain,
Shine forth and glitter in the sun's bright rays.

Shine in my soul, and light and joy impart,
O blessed Jesus, Sun of my dark heart,
O cause therein the light of truth to shine ;
Show me each crooked winding of my heart,
Change and renew it so in every part,
That my whole nature be transformed to Thine.

Lord, in Thy light O let me walk this day,
By Thy love prompted, act, and speak, and pray,
As a new creature it becomes to do,
Whose aim it is, in all his words and ways,
To set forth duly his Creator's praise,
And new in heart, in life be also new.


I pray not, "take my troubles all away;"
 It is for love to bear them that I pray,
 And firm belief that all is for my good;
 That every trouble must be kindly meant,
 Since from the hands of Him it has been sent,
 Who is my loving Father and my God.

I pray not that my days may smoothly run;
 Ah no! I pray, Thy will alone be done!
 Yet give a childlike trusting heart to me;
 Should the earth seek to draw my spirit down,
 O let my heart continue still Thine own,
 And draw me upward from the earth to Thee.

I pray not, Lord, that Thou wilt quickly end
 The griefs and troubles Thou art pleased to send;
 Be Thou my peace in every trying hour.
 I ask not Heaven at once to enter in,
 But ere I die, that I may die to sin,
 Be Thou its death: destroy its guilt and
 power.

Thou Sun, by whom my new life first was
 lighted,
 O let me not again become benighted,
 But be my light when shades around me
 spread;
 With the bright splendour of Thy heavenly rays
 Illuminate the evening of my days,
 And shed a halo round my dying head.

THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST.

HRIST, whose first appearance
lighted
Gloomy death's obscure domain,
Long in Herod's courts benighted
Sought I Thee, but sought in vain :
All was glitter, pomp, and pleasure,
Sensuality, and pride ;
But my heart found not its treasure,
And remained unsatisfied.

Then to learned scribes and sages
Seeking Christ I wandered on,
But upon their barren pages
Jacob's star had never shone :
True indeed, like men in prison
Groping for the light of day,
Spake they of the light new-risen,
But themselves saw not one ray.

To the temple I was guided
By the altar-fire and lights,
But though all else was provided,
Christ was absent from the rites.

Then more precious time I wasted
 In thy streets, Jerusalem,
 But I sought in vain, and hasted
 On my way to Bethlehem.

In the streets I wandered slowly,
 Looking for some trusty guide ;
 All was dark and melancholy,
 None I met with far and wide.
 On a sudden I perceivèd
 O'er my head a star to shine ;
 Lo ! because I had believèd,
 And had sought Him, Christ was mine.

Only seek, and you will find Him,
 Never cease to seek the Lord ;
 And should He delay, remind Him
 Boldly of His plighted word.
 Follow Him, and He will lead you ;
 Trust Him in the darkest night ;
 Jacob's star will still precede you,
 Jacob's star will give you light.



PATIENCE.



GENTLE angel wendeth
Throughout this world of woe,
Whom God in mercy sendeth
To comfort us below.

Her looks a peace abiding
And holy love proclaim;
O follow then her guiding,
Sweet Patience is her name!

She leads us through this tearful
And sorrow-stricken land,
And speaks, resigned and cheerful,
Of better days at hand:
And when thou art despairing,
She bids thee clear thy brow,
Herself thy burden sharing,
More hopeful far than thou.

She sobers into sadness
Thy grief's excessive smart,
And steeps in peace the madness
And tumult of the heart.

The darkest hour she maketh
As bright as sun at noon,
And heals each wound that acheth,
Full surely, if not soon.

Thy falling tears she chides not,
But pours in healing balm ;
Thy longing she derides not,
But makes devout and calm :
And when in stormy seasons
Thou askest, murmuring, why ?
She giveth thee no reasons,
But smiling points on high.

To every doubt and question
She cares not to reply ;
“ Bear on,” is her suggestion,
“ Thy resting-place is nigh.”
Thus by thy side she walketh,
A true and constant friend,
Not overmuch she talketh,
But thinks “ O happy end ! ”



WEEP NOT FOR ME, BUT WEEP FOR
YOURSELVES.



HEREFORE weep we over Jesus,
O'er His death and bitter smart?
Weep we rather, that He sees us
Unconvinced and hard of heart:
For His soul was never tainted
With the smallest spot or stain,
'Twas for us He was acquainted
With such depths of grief and pain.

Oh! what profits it with groaning
Underneath His cross to stand;
Ah! what profits our bemoaning
His pale brow and bleeding hand;
Wherefore gaze on Him expiring,
Railed at, pierced, and crucified,
Whilst we think not of inquiring,
Wherefore and for whom He died?

If no sin could be discovered
In the pure and spotless Lord,
If the cruel death He suffered
Is sin's just and meet reward:

Then it must have been for others
That the Lord on Calvary bled,
And the guilt have been a brother's,
Which was laid upon His head.

And for whom hath He contended
In a strife so strange and new?
And for whom to hell descended?
Brothers! 'twas for me and you!
Now you see that He was reaping
Punishment for us alone;
And we have great cause for weeping,
Not for His guilt, but our own.

If we then make full confession,
Joined with penitence and prayer,
If we see our own transgression
In the punishment He bare,
If we mourn with true repentance,
We shall hear the Saviour say:
"Fear not, I have borne your sentence,
Wipe your bitter tears away."



EASTER DAY.



UN, shine forth in all thy splendour,
Joyfully pursue thy way,
For thy Lord and my Defender
Rose triumphant on this day.

When He bowed His head, sore troubled
Thou didst hide thyself in night;
Shine forth now with rays redoubled,
He is risen who is thy light.

Earth, be joyous and glad-hearted,
Spread out all thy vernal bloom;
For thy Lord is not departed,
He has broken through the tomb.
When the Lord expired, wide-yawning
Thy strong rocks were rent with fright;
Greet thy risen Lord this morning,
Bathed in floods of rosy light.

Say, my soul, what preparation
Makest thou for this high day,
When the God of thy salvation
Opened through the tomb a way?
Dweldest thou with pure affection
On this proof of power and love?

Doth thy Saviour's resurrection
Raise thy thoughts to things above?

Hast thou, borne on Faith's strong pinion,
Risen with the risen Lord?
And, released from sin's dominion,
Into purer regions soared?
Or art thou, in spite of warning,
Dead in trespasses and sin?
Hath to thee the purple morning
No true Easter ushered in?

O then let not death o'ertake thee
By the shades of night o'erspread;
See! thy Lord is come to wake thee,
He is risen from the dead.
While the time as yet allows thee,
Hear; the gracious Saviour cries,
"Sleeper, from thy sloth arouse thee,
To new life at once arise!"

See, with looks of tender pity
He extends his wounded hands,
Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
Shake off sin's enthralling bands:
"Wait not for some future meetness,
Dread no punishment from me,
Rouse thyself and taste the sweetness
Of the new life offered thee."

Let no precious time be wasted,
To new life arise at length,
He who death for thee hath tasted,
For new life will give new strength.
Try to rise, at once bestir thee,
Still press on and persevere,
Let no weariness deter thee,
He who woke thee still is near.

Waste not so much time in weighing
When and where thou shalt begin;
Too much thinking is delaying,
Rivets but the chains of sin.
He will help thee, and provide thee
With a courage not thine own,
Bear thee in His arms and guide thee,
Till thou learn'st to walk alone.

See! thy Lord Himself is risen,
That thou mightest also rise,
And emerge from sin's dark prison
To new life and open skies.
Come to Him who can unbind thee,
And reverse thy awful doom,
Come to Him, and leave behind thee
Thy old life — an empty tomb!



WHITSUNDAY.

DRAW, Holy Spirit, nearer,
And in our hearts abide;
O make our judgment clearer,
Our minds inform and guide.

O come, Thou great Renewer,
Touch heart and lip with fire;
Make every bosom truer,
Our aims and objects higher.

O come, Thou true Consoler,
Thou Fire, that warms the cold,
The haughty breast's Controller,
O come and make us bold.
On all sides danger threatens;
Lord, to our succour come,
And arm us with the weapons
Of early Christendom.

Hard unbelief and folly
The truth of God deny;
O arm us, Lord most holy,
With weapons from on high,
With faith that never falters,
Unmoved by fear or praise,

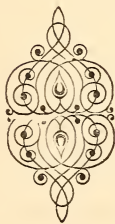
With love that never alters,
And hope in darkest days.

We need a free confession
In this our lukewarm age,
A frank and full profession
In spite of scorn and rage;
To friend alike and foeman,
On this or heathen ground,
To every man and woman
The Gospel trump to sound.

Where'er Thy Word is sounded,
In far and savage lands,
The Heathen are confounded,
And cast off Satan's bands.
On every side they waken
To hear Thy blessed Word:
Shall it from us be taken,
By us remain unheard?

On us, O Thou most holy,
Thy wrath doth justly fall,
Who hear, yet, through our folly,
Have not obeyed the call.
Let us with deep prostration
Implore God's grace, that thus
The Word of His salvation
Be not withdrawn from us.

Give power to those who witness
And preach Thy holy Word,
That all may taste its sweetness,
And rally round the Lord.
Be this our preparation,
A heart and tongue of fire !
That this our proclamation
May speed as we desire.



THE SPIRIT OF THE FATHERS.



PIRIT, by whose operation
Faith and holiness proceed,
Source of heavenly conversation,
Strength in weakness, help in
need !

Spirit, by whose inspiration
Prophets and Apostles spake,
Martyrs bled, and tribulation
Saints endured for Jesus' sake !

Lord, endue us with Thy blessing,
That, though babes we be in grace,
Faith, and love, and zeal possessing
For Thy house and holy place ;
We may stake our dearest treasures,
All the good things of this life,
Honour, wealth, and darling pleasures,
In the great and holy strife.

Give us Abram's faith unshaken,
That the promise must be true,
And what God hath undertaken,
He assuredly will do ;

Which not only could unmoved
 Trust the covenant of grace,
 But the thing which he most lovèd
 At the Lord's disposal place.

Give us Joseph's chaste behaviour,
 When the world with crafty wiles
 Seeks to draw us from the Saviour
 To herself, with frowns or smiles.
 Give us grace and strength for shunning
 This ensnaring Potiphar,
 Wisdom to elude her cunning,
 Strength her open hate to bear.

Give us Moses' intercession,
 When he pleaded, wept, and prayed,
 That the people's sore transgression
 Might not to their charge be laid.
 Let us not with selfish coldness
 See the sinner go astray,
 But with Moses' holy boldness
 Plead and wrestle, weep and pray.

Give us David's bold defiance
 Of the Lord's and Israel's foes,
 And, in trouble, the reliance
 Which on God his rock he shows;
 His right princely disposition,
 Friendship, constancy, and truth,
 But still more his deep contrition
 For the errors of his youth.

Arm us with the stern decision
Of Elijah, in these days,
When men, led by superstition,
To false Gods new altars raise.
Let us shun the mere profession
Common in our days and land,
Witnessing a good confession,
Even if alone we stand.

Give us the Apostles' daring,
And their bold undaunted mood,
Threats and fierce reproaches bearing,
To proclaim a Saviour's blood.
Let us to the truth bear witness,
Which alone can make us free,
Nor leave off, until its sweetness
All shall taste and know through Thee.

Give us Stephen's look collected,
And his calm and cheerful mind,
When we meet with unexpected
Trials of the sharpest kind.
In the midst of shouts and crying,
Let us with composure stand,
Open heaven to us in dying,
Show us Christ at God's right hand.

Spirit, by whose operation
Faith and love and might are given,
Source of holy conversation,
Bearing seed and fruit for heaven ;

Spirit, by whose inspiration
Prophets and Apostles spake,
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Dwell with us for Jesus' sake.



REST IN GOD.



IN vain thou seekest in thyself to
find
Light, life, and joy, or any last-
ing peace ;
Return to God, seek Him with all thy mind,
The one true source of life and happiness.
Return to Him, poor erring child of man,
Where first thy being and thy life began,
Let all thy longings be to Him address,
Then and then only shalt thou find true rest.

But ah ! thou canst not go to Him, for see !

A mighty wall of separation stands
Built up by sin between thy God and thee :

Behold ! thy Saviour stretches out His hands,
And opens to thee through His precious blood
A way of peace and access to thy God :
He, who broke down that wall and sets thee
free,

Hath borne thy guilt and thy iniquity.

Lo ! thy Creator gave thee life at first,
Thy Saviour doth a second life bestow ;

He gives thee water to assuage thy thirst,
A guide to lead thee through this vale of
woe ;

His Spirit giveth sight unto the blind,
Peace to the heart and clearness to the mind,
New strength and motives virtue to pursue,
The love of God, and heaven itself in view.

Behold thee now returned to thy true rest!
Through the thin veil of time thy joyful eyes
Discern the happy mansions of the blest
And heaven's bright walls in dim perspective
rise.

In fear no longer of a Father's rod,
Thou feel'st that thou art reconciled to God,
And though thy troubles do not wholly cease,
Hast a sweet foretaste of thy future bliss.

Then seek not here in vain a resting-place,
Nor in thyself expect to find repose ;
Such seeking only aggravates thy case,
And is embittered with a thousand woes ;
Such seeking wearies, but can not impart
The peace it longs for to the aching heart ;
Sleep may weigh down the eyes by care op-
prest,
But heavy slumber is not peaceful rest.

Cradle an infant on the softest bed,
Soothe it with songs of lullaby to rest ;

More gently will it lay its little head,
More sweetly slumber on its mother's breast;
Where the first draught of health and life it
found,
There will its sleep be sweet, its slumber
sound;
Return my soul to God, thine only rest,
Then and then only art thou truly blest.



SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

NAN hath his anxious seasons,
Much pain not understood;
Nor can he tell his reasons,
Till he discovers God:

When first he comprehendeth
How just He is and true,
His dream of goodness endeth,
His sins come all to view.

With Thee, O Lord, acquainted,
He learns to look within,
And sees his heart is tainted,
And full, alas! of sin.
From Thy great power he learneth
How vile he is and base,
His nakedness discerneth
In Thy abounding grace.

O goodness past expression!
Which brings not to our view
The height of our transgression,
Until it shews us too
A mode of expiation
Through Christ's atoning blood,

A full and free salvation,
And blissful rest with God!

What need we to content us,
Since God gives us so much?
What fears can now torment us?
Since His great love was such,
That ere we comprehended
Our sin, distress, and loss,
The mighty work was ended
Which saved us on the cross.

Should greater be my gladness
That Thou such love dost shew,
Or greater still my sadness
That I have grieved Thee so?
Oh! both alike are needful,
To know how poor I be,
And yet not be unheedful
How rich I am in Thee.

O happy hour of sadness
And pain not understood!
Which endeth in such gladness
And everlasting good.
Mine eyes upraised to heaven
With tears of joy run o'er;
I know I am forgiven;
Ah! what can I want more?

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.



HEAR my Shepherd calling,
And instantly obey,
And climb, though sometimes
falling,

The steep and rugged way.
Though often at a distance
I strive to follow still,
And offer no resistance
To His most blessed will.

Thou shew'st Thyself the greatest
When greatest my distress,
Thy comforts are the sweetest
In days of bitterness.
Sometimes my courage fails me,
My strength seems well nigh gone,
But still Thy grace avails me,
Thy strength still helps me on.

Sometimes I sigh for morning
In sorrow's gloomy night,
When, lo ! already dawning,
The day brings joy and light.

Sometimes my griefs enclose me
In every form and shape,
But God in mercy shews me
A method of escape.

Sometimes dark thoughts steal o'er me
Here in this vale of tears,
The future spread before me
So overcast appears ;
The word of Thy salvation
Speaks comfort to my breast,
In midst of tribulation
I find in Thee true rest.

Old sins oft leave behind them
Deep scars, which wound me still ;
Thou knowest how to bind them,
And heal them with great skill.
I often sink down weary
And heart-sick on the road,
But Thou art nigh to cheer me
And ease me of my load.

My gracious Guide and Master,
Thy wandering sheep O seek,
Fain would I follow faster,
But am, alas ! too weak :
O come to help and guide me,
When I can not proceed,
If Thou art, Lord, beside me,
I must perforce succeed.

Soon shall I cease to wander;
The day may be at hand
When Thou shalt take me yonder
To my dear Fatherland;
There shall my chief employment
Consist in praising Thee,
With ever new enjoyment,
Throughout eternity.



THE HOUR OF THE LORD.

IS not yet the hour appointed!
I make answer to my heart,
When deprest and disappointed
It is longing to depart:
Wait awhile and hold thee still,
He doth well who waits God's will.

When a thousand griefs and troubles
Leave no rest by day or night,
When the storm its force redoubles,
And is almost at its height;
Patiently abide His will
At whose word the waves are still.

Every vessel must be drainèd,
Cups of joy and cups of grief,
Trust in God with faith unfeignèd,
Look to Him for thy relief;
When all human counsel fails,
Then it is that God prevails.

When the flood is rising higher,
Till it overflows the brink,

Then the Comforter draws nigher,
Ah! much nigher than we think,
For it grieves Him to the heart
To behold our bitter smart.

Ah! it is with no hard Master,
No hard Lord we have to do,
If we bear each new disaster
With calm faith and patience too,
We shall soon experience this:
It will come, — that hour of bliss.

Dost thou, heart, demand some token
That the Lord will give thee rest?
Trust the word which He hath spoken,
His own time must be the best;
Suffer, trust, and hope on still,
End right well it must and will.

O the hour of our exemption
From all pain, distress, and woe!
O the hour of our redemption
E'en from death our last grim foe!
Sweet as sunshine after shower
Will be that all-glorious hour.



I AM THINE.



THY will I cheerfully obey,
Both when Thou giv'st and tak'st
away ;
I follow, wheresoe'er Thou leadest,
I shun whatever Thou forbiddest ;
Do as Thou wilt, O Lord, provided
I never be from Thee divided.

I am not bent on mine own will,
But rather wish, devout and still,
To make Thy blessed will and pleasure
The rule by which mine own I measure ;
To Thee alone my ways commending
From the beginning to the ending.

I were indeed a very fool
To make mine own blind will my rule :
I have a thousand times outwitted,
Deceived, betrayed myself, and cheated,
Nor have I ever found a blessing
In ways self-chosen and self-pleasing.

Through all my life how graciously
Hast Thou, my Saviour, dealt with me !

How often kept my feet from falling,
And heard me e'en before my calling!
Nor should I e'er have chosen Thee,
Hadst Thou not, Lord, first chosen me.



SEE WHAT LOVE!



EE, O see, what love the Father
Hath bestowed upon our race,
How He bends with sweet compas-
sion

Over us His beaming face!
See how He His best and dearest
For the very worst hath given,
His own Son for us poor sinners,
See, O see, the love of heaven!

See, O see, what love the Saviour
Also hath on us bestowed,
How He bled for us and suffered,
How He bare the heavy load!
On the cross and in the garden
Oh how sore was His distress!
Is not this a love that passeth
Aught that tongue can e'er express?

See, O see, what love is shewn us
Also by the Holy Ghost!
How He strives with us poor sinners
Even when we sin the most,

Teaching, comforting, correcting,
Where He sees it needful is!
O what heart would not be thankful
For a threefold love like this?



I BELIEVE.



BELIEVE, and so have spoken :
Hear what God hath done for
me !

I believe, and by this token
I confess Him openly :
That there is no name, whereby
Sinners can be saved, but His,
God Himself, the Lord Most High,
Jesus Christ our Righteousness.

I believe, and therefore ever
Will I love my God and guide ;
I believe, and therefore never
Shall aught move me from His side ;
And to all will I declare,
That my saving health is He,
And that where He is not, there
I wish not myself to be.

I believe, and therefore shun not
Troubles which the Lord ordains ;
I believe, and therefore run not,
But gird up my loins and reins ;

Many a victory have I won,
Oft stood firm by sin enticed;
And by whom was all this done?
In Thy strength, Lord Jesus Christ.

I believe, and therefore sink not
Under grief, distress, and pain;
I believe, and therefore shrink not
E'en from death, for death is gain:
For He gives me health and strength
Even in the last dread strife,
And shall bring me safe at length
Into everlasting life.

Suffer not my faith to fail me,
But uphold me with Thy hand,
That, whatever foes assail me,
I may reach the promised land.
Jesus, Thou my Joshua be,
Let me follow in Thy train,
That I may at last with Thee
In the heavenly Canaan reign.



I WILL ABIDE WITH THEE.



N Thy service will I ever,
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay ;
Nothing me from Thee shall sever,
Gladly would I go Thy way.
Life in me Thy life produces,
And gives vigour to my heart,
As the vine doth living juices
To the purple grape impart.

Could I be in other places
Half so happy as with Thee,
Who so many gifts and graces
Hast Thyself prepared for me ?
No place could be half so fitted
To impart true joy, I ween,
Since to Thee, O Lord, committed
Power in Heaven and earth hath been.

Where shall I find such a Master,
Who hath done my soul such good,
And retrieved the great disaster
Sin first caused, by His own blood ?

Is not He my rightful owner,
Who for me His own life gave?
Were it not a foul dishonour
Not to love Him to the grave?

Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever
Thine in sorrow and in joy;
Death the union shall not sever,
Nor Eternity destroy.
I am waiting, yea, am sighing
For my summons to depart;
He is best prepared for dying
Who in life is Thine in heart.

Let Thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,
When the evening is declining,
And the night is drawing on:
Bless me, O my Father, laying
Both Thy hands on my meek head,
"Here thy day is ended," saying,
"Yonder live the faithful dead."

Stay beside me, when the stillness
And the icy touch of death
Fills my trembling soul with chillness,
Like the morning's frosty breath;
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,
Let my spirit grow more bright,
As I see the first faint glimmer
Of the everlasting light.

HEAVENLY GUIDANCE.

PRAISE, all praise, to Thee be given,
God the Father and the Son!
On the earth and in the heaven
All has prospered Thou hast done.

I confess with grateful feelings,
Wise and good have been thy dealings;
They proclaim aloud, that he
Is most blest who trusts in Thee.

Blessed Lord, if Thou hadst led me
As I foolishly desired,
All the good I shunned forbid me,
Given all that I required;
Hadst Thou punished me by granting
All that I believed was wanting,
Words would not, O God, express
What had been my wretchedness!

How can they, whose eyes are blinded
'Mid the din and dust of earth,
Find the pearl the heavenly-minded
Deem of such transcendent worth?
Evil ways perversely choosing,
And the right and true refusing,
Farther every day they stray
From the true and living way.

He who wishes no conductor
 But the hand of his dear Lord,
 He who wishes no instructor
 But His Spirit and His word,
 He shall walk secure from dangers
 In a land of foes and strangers,
 Till at last the same wise hand
 Brings him to his Fatherland.

Therefore with my God hereafter
 I will patiently abide,
 And in spite of sneers and laughter
 Make Him my support and guide.
 Since in God I have confided,
 I have been securely guided ;
 What I have experienced, is
 My best pledge for future bliss.

God hath said it, God hath said it,
 God hath said, and I obey ;
 God hath said it, God hath said it,
 And with joy I go my way :
 God so willeth, God so willeth,
 Every murmur sweetly stilleth,
 God so wills it, e'en hath power
 To make sweet the last dread hour.



TURN AGAIN.



TURN, poor wanderer, ere the sentence
Falls on thee which none can
stay ;

Flee to Christ with deep repentance,
Seek the Lord without delay.
As thou art, with all thy burden,
Come, and He will grant thee pardon :
See ! He comes to meet thee, sealing
With His own most holy word,
Pardon, blessing, strength, and healing ;
Turn, O turn thee to the Lord.

Flee from worldly dissipation,
Commune with thy heart, be still ;
God shall by thy renovation
All thy best desires fulfil.
There a peaceful calm awaits thee
From the storm which agitates thee,
There shalt thou discern the warning
Of the Spirit in thy breast,

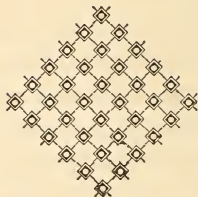
Pleading with thee, night and morning,
Till He brings thee to thy rest.

Lay aside all needless terrors,
For thy Father's loving heart
Offers pardon for thy errors,
Balsam for thy keenest smart.
Look on Him, whom thou hast wounded,
Yet whose love hath so abounded,
That He suffered to redeem thee ;
Turn, O turn again, nor fear,
That thy Lord will yet condemn thee,
Who esteemed thy soul so dear.

Drink in life with deep thanksgiving,
Dwelling on this gracious theme,
God is patient and forgiving,
And almighty to redeem ;
Not a grief, but He can feel it,
Not a wound, but He can heal it ;
He hath balm for every sorrow,
Cleansing for the vilest sin ;
O delay not till to-morrow
What thou canst this day begin.

Shake off all thy sloth and dulness,
Linger not, nor take thine ease ;
Come from emptiness to fulness,
Shadows to realities,

Out of dimness into clearness,
Out of distance into nearness !
Come away from sin and sorrow,
Come to Christ without delay !
Put not off until to-morrow
What thy God will give to-day.



OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN.



S a traveller, returning
To his home from some far land,
Thinks of it with bosom yearning,
Ere his foot hath touched the
strand ;
So amid the noisy pleasures
Of the world, the heart oft sighs
For the nobler higher treasures
Laid up for us in the skies.

All our wish and our endeavour
Is to love and please and choose
Him, who loves us, nor will ever
What is for our good refuse.
When the soul without distraction
Sits and listens at His feet,
Then she finds true satisfaction
And a happiness complete.

Jesus, like the magnet, raises
Our dull spirits to the skies,
And we seem, in prayer and praises,
As on eagles' wings to rise ;

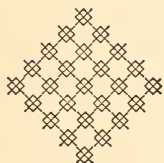
Why we feel this strong attraction,
Why we wait for His command
In each thought, and word, and action,
Can the world not understand.

Should our enemies asperse us,
Our dear Lord, who loves us so,
Bids us bless e'en them who curse us,
And to love our greatest foe.
He, who died for our salvation
And on us hath heaven bestowed,
Wills that by our conversation
We should glorify our God.

Can we have our hearts in heaven,
And yet earthly-minded live?
Can we, who have been forgiven,
Not forget and not forgive?
Can we hate an erring brother,
Only love when we are loved,
And not bear with one another,
By Christ's Holy Spirit moved?

Ah! no hater, or blasphemer,
None who slander and defame,
Can be one with the Redeemer,
Who was gentle as a lamb:
Love will cause assimilation
With the object of our love,
Love will work a transformation
And renewal from above.

None, O Lord, who are unholy,
Shall Thy perfect beauty see ;
Teach me to be meek and lowly,
Teach me to resemble Thee.
Keep me from the world unspotted,
That I may not only be
To Thy service here devoted,
But abide in heaven with Thee.



STRONG IN FAITH, RICH IN LOVE.



LET me build on this secure foundation,
Lord, my rock, my safety, and my shield,
Which Thy holy word for my salvation
Hath in this accepted time revealed:
Jesus Christ His glory hath forsaken,
And our flesh and human nature taken,
To redeem us by His death from death;
He hath died, that we might be forgiven,
He hath died, that we may live in heaven,
There by sight, and here meantime by faith.


Plant in me a faith secure and stable
In the work which Thou, O God, hast planned,
That no sneers nor my own doubts be able
To destroy the faith wherein I stand.
Give me Peter's sorrow and contrition,
Let me witness also his confession,
"Thou art Christ, to whom then shall I go?"
Like St. Paul's, let this be my endeavour,
That the life I live I may live ever
Through the faith of Him who loved me so.

Kindle by the Spirit's inspiration
 That undying love within my heart,
 Who, though crowned herself with Thy salvation,
 Yet prefers a servant's humble part,
 Who is meek and gentle in behaviour,
 Rich in faith, rejoicing in her Saviour,
 Calm and patient under every ill;
 Suffers, hopes, believes all things, and blesses
 God alike in joy and in distresses,
 Ready both to bear and do His will.

And so let me, loving and confiding,
 Walk conducted by Thy faithful hand,
 Or beneath Thy sheltering wings abiding
 Shun the foes which I can not withstand :
 Nor, when conquering, let me boast, but rather
 Clinging like a child unto its father,
 Smile securely in Thy firm embrace :
 Let me on Thy faithful word relying
 Clasp Thee with the arms of faith, till dying
 I at length behold Thee face to face.



UNITY IN THE SPIRIT.

RETHREN, called by one vocation,
Members of one family,
Heirs through Christ of one salvation,
Let us live in harmony ;
Nor by strife
Embitter life,
Journeying to eternity.

In a land where all are strangers,
And our sojourning so short,
In the midst of common dangers,
Concord is our best support :
Heart with heart
Divides the smart,
Lightens grief of every sort.

Let us shun all vain contention
Touching words and outward things,
Whence alas ! so much dissension
And such bitter rancour springs :
Troubles cease.
Where Christ brings peace
And sweet healing on His wings.

Judge not hastily of others,
 But thine own salvation mind ;
 Nor be lynx-eyed to thy brother's,
 To thine own offences blind ;
 God alone
 Discerns thine own,
 And the hearts of all mankind.

Let it be our chief endeavour,
 That we may the Lord obey,
 Then shall envy cease for ever,
 And all hate be done away ;
 Free from strife
 Shall be his life
 Who serves God both night and day.



THE BLESSING OF CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.



T is a practice greatly blest
To speak, Lord Jesus Christ, of
Thee ;
Thou art amongst us as a guest,
We feel it, though we cannot see :
We seem to breathe, in glad surprise,
An atmosphere of love and bliss,
And read within each other's eyes,
To whom it is we owe all this.

How quickly strife and envy end,
How soon all idle griefs depart,
When friend takes counsel thus with friend,
When soul meets soul, and heart meets heart ;
We have so many things to say,
So many failings to confess,
Time flies, alas ! so soon away,
We cannot half we would express.

How fain would we repeat again
The touching tale of God's dear Son,
His faithfulness and love to men,
And the great things which He hath done ;

How He first touched our heart and feelings
 By joy and grief's alternate sway,
 And led us by His gracious dealings
 In safety to this very day.

We hear a still small voice within,
 When first He makes His presence known;
 Blest hour! when we confess our sin
 With many a self-accusing groan:
 When we bow down and humbly call
 On God to heal our bitter smart,
 We feel His Spirit gently fall
 Like dew upon our weary heart.

We feel relieved from all distress,
 From anxious doubt and boding fear;
 We have a foretaste of our bliss,
 And breathe a purer atmosphere:
 We seem new creatures to become,
 New thoughts and hopes possess our mind;
 Like wanderers returning home,
 We leave all former things behind.

O let us then, dear Lord, be blest
 With Thy sweet presence every day,
 Be with us as our daily guest
 And our companion on the way:
 Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
 Let us press on to things before,
 Bring us together in Thy name,
 Until we meet to part no more.

THE MISSIONARIES.

DLEST are ye, ye chosen bearers
Of God's word to lands afar,
Bidding all men to be sharers
Of the joyful news ye bear.

Onward, onward, boldly pressing
Through the howling desert speed,
God will crown your work with blessing,
And give increase to the seed.

High your Saviour's banner waving,
Tell it forth, intrepid band,
That His name alone is saving,
That all power is in His hand.
Be to all the world a witness
Of the everlasting word,
Teaching all to taste its sweetness,
And confess that He is Lord.

Arm, ye soldiers, though your weapons
Be not spears or glittering swords,
Press on still, though danger threatens,
For the whole earth is the Lord's.


He who sent you will defend you,
 And your King and Shepherd be,
 Though like sheep 'mid wolves He send you,
 Ye shall wander glad and free.

Love it was for one another
 Which first moved and urged you on,
 That to do for your poor brother
 Which the Lord for you hath done.
 Therefore seek ye neither pleasure,
 Honour, wealth, nor earthly good,
 No! ye bear a nobler treasure,
 Peace through Jesus' precious blood.

Bear all hardships unrepining,
 Scoffed at, answer not a word;
 For all lands shall soon be shining
 With the glory of the Lord.
 Blest are ye, brave standard-bearers,
 Witnesses for Christ to men,
 Ye shall in His joy be sharers,
 When your Lord shall come again.

After all their tribulations,
 Thousands shall Hosanna sing,
 And the heavens with acclamations
 To their God and Saviour ring.
 Thousands then shall hail the teachers,
 Who first brought them to the Lord;
 Then shall be, ye faithful preachers,
 Your bright crown and sweet reward.

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

HAT love is purest and most true,
Which leans upon its Saviour's
breast,
And thinks with pleasure ever new
How in all things to please Him best;
Which in all things, not great alone,
On serving Him is fully bent,
And knowingly will not to one,
No! not the smallest sin consent.

For know, my soul, the Lord will not
Hold thy least service in contempt,
For little acts are most from spot
Of vanity and pride exempt:
Begin then first with little things,
The smallest sin avoid and hate;
Obedience to love adds wings,
And little faith will grow to great.

If thou avoidest but the great
And grosser sins, from fear of shame,
And dost the small ones tolerate,
Thy love is but an empty name;

That is not loving Christ alone,
 That is but loving Him in part,
 Not doing His will, but thine own,
 Not serving Him with all thy heart.

For he who is indeed the Lord's,
 Follows Him always, and will shun
 In all his actions, thoughts, and words,
 All sin, or an approach to one;
 Seeks to promote his Saviour's praise
 In everything he doth and saith,
 And walks in His most holy ways,
 Partaker of His life and death.

In every work, and at all hours,
 His chief aim is to serve his Lord
 With all his heart, and mind, and powers,
 In strict obedience to His word;
 For Him he shrinks not night and day
 From hardship, trouble, loss, and woe;
 It is enough for him to say;
 "My Lord commands and wills it so."

Wrestle, my soul, and strive and pray,
 Thyself to this true love to raise,
 That thus thou mayst from day to day
 Bring forth new fruit to His great praise:
 Study to please Him, and be true,
 My soul, in great and small things both,
 For earnest diligence may do
 What is impossible to sloth.

Say not, I will in some great trial
My constancy and truth maintain ;
O think of Peter's sad denial,
And confidence, which proved so vain :
Then learn to practise truth in small
As well as in great things ; lest thou,
Like Peter, should bewail thy fall,
Thy faithlessness and broken vow.



ABIDE IN JESUS.



ABIDE, abide in Jesus,
 Who for us bare griefs untold,
 And Himself, from pain to ease us,
 Suffered pangs a thousandfold:

Bide with Him, who still abideth
 When all else shall pass away,
 And as Judge supreme presideth
 In that dread and awful day.

All is dying: hearts are breaking,
 Which to ours were once fast bound,
 And the lips have ceased from speaking,
 Which once uttered such sweet sound,
 And the arms are powerless lying,
 Which were our support and stay,
 And the eyes are dim and dying,
 Which once watched us night and day.

Everything we love and cherish
 Hastens onward to the grave,
 Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
 And whate'er the world e'er gave;

All is fading, all is fleeing,
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
"Lean on me alone," He sayeth,
"Hope and love and firmly trust!"
O abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself for ever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives.



BE READY, FOR THE DAYS ARE EVIL.



ET me suffer wrong without complaining,
While myself from doing wrong abstaining,

Through Thy grace and strength, O Lord, I pray!

Let me never smite the hand that smites me,
But do good to him who ill requites me;

Thus prepare me for the evil day.

Into Thine own image, Lord, transform me,
To Thy gentle Spirit so conform me,

That this lesson never may be lost,
Not the poor oppressed, but the oppressor,
Not the injured, but the proud transgressor,
Is the man who needs our pity most.

Though by cruel treatment oft incited,
Thou hast never ill with ill requited,

Nor reviled hast Thou reviled again;
Yet it must have grieved Thy holy nature,
More, far more than me a sinful creature,
To behold the wickedness of men.

Thou hadst power not only to create us,
But to punish and annihilate us ;
 Yet so great, so wonderful Thy love !
That to save us from the doom impending,
Thou didst give Thyself to death, descending
 To our depth from Thy great height above.

My true Peace and Saviour, be Thou near me,
That in suffering I may not grow weary ;
 Be Thou near me to direct my way ;
Strengthen Thou my soul when foes assail her,
That Thy patient Spirit may not fail her ;
 Thus prepare me for the evil day.

That herself in patience still possessing,
She may find e'en woes to be a blessing,
 Nor account them strange when they arise ;
Point her to the happy realms above her,
Where departed saints, who dearly love her,
 Wait to greet her in the opening skies.



LONGING.



THAT my soul might never lack
The guidance of Thy gentle
hand,

But follow in the easy track
Of Thy sweet will and wise command!
That I might find the Lord's employ
Not a hard service but a joy!

O that each word of Thine I thought
Deserving of my high esteem,
And all opposed to it as nought
But falsehood and an idle dream!
That my sole aim in all might be,
To do, dear Lord, what pleases Thee!

O that I made Thy word a light,
My standard and my last appeal,
To show me what is wrong or right,
What hurtful, what for my true weal,
Not ever doubtful what I would
When I know plainly what I should.

O that to every word I paid
A due observance and regard,

Nor sought Thy precepts to evade
When clear, because they seem too hard,
And that, albeit weak and faint,
I followed them without complaint !

Then life were one consistent whole,
Not a mixed web of ill and good,
The full surrender of the soul,
A victory over flesh and blood ;
Then should I find, made glad and free,
Thy service perfect liberty.

O make Thy precepts sweet to me
By Thy good Spirit's gentle sway,
And let my feet be led by Thee
In Thine own true and perfect way ;
Thy precepts are my life's true bliss,
At once its rule and happiness.

With all Thy law's exact demands
O make me by Thy grace content,
That I may do what it commands,
Not from the fear of punishment,
No ! but because my heart relies
Upon Thy grace and sacrifice.



MY SOUL THIRSTETH AFTER THE LIV
ING GOD.

ASK not, what it is that ails me,
Probe not deep my inward smart;
God it is Himself that fails me,
Thirst for God consumes my heart;
For alas! if He be wanting,
Boundless wealth would leave me poor,
Houseless, friendless, thirsty, fainting,
Wandering from door to door.

Riches, honour, pomp, and learning,
Beauty, pleasure, science, art,
Cannot satisfy my yearning,
Cannot fill my aching heart;
Patience under tribulation,
Strength to suffer, love, and live,
Joy in death and consolation,
God Himself alone can give.

Idols of the heathen nations,
Works of art and human skill,
Cannot quench my aspirations,
Nor my earnest longings still;


Subtle thoughts and speculations
Of past ages and our own
Cannot reach my expectations,
Which cry out for God alone.

When shall I appear before Thee,
When behold Thy glorious face,
And with joyful lips adore Thee,
In Thy full unclouded grace?
When shall love succeed to coldness,
Confidence to doubt and fear,
When shall I with childlike boldness
To the throne of grace draw near?

When will God be my sole treasure,
When will He abide with me?
When will His great will the measure
Of my will and actions be?
When will no thought ever enter
Into heart and mind but this,
In the Lord alone to centre
Every hope of happiness?

No! the flame, which He hath lighted,
Will not prove a flickering ray,
He who hath this thirst excited,
Will its longing quench one day;
When I quit this vale of sadness,
And to brighter regions soar,
I shall drink with joy and gladness
Living waters evermore.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

ONG and toilsome is the road,
Difficult the track,
And beneath its heavy load
Often bows our back,
Yet our hearts feel no dismay;
Though our strength be small,
On His strength we well may stay
Who is Lord of all.

Jesus never will forget us
On His word we stay,
That He will not leave, nor let us
Perish on the way:
Often when our strength appears
To forsake us quite,
Comfort whispers in our ears;
“He will set all right.”

He who brought the crystal wave
From its rocky bed,
And the Prophet in the cave
By the ravens fed;
He who with a little bread
Thousands satisfied,

Can He not for those who need
Even now provide?

He who in His hands doth bear
This terrestrial ball,
And without whom not a hair
From our head doth fall;
Who the great thinks not too great,
Nor the small too small,
Can He see our sad estate,
Heedless of our call?

He who opened heaven to man,
And hath plainly shewed
By what way we may and can
Reach that blest abode;
He who to prepare a place
Hath such pains bestowed,
Can He let His chosen race
Perish on the road?

No! He neither can nor will;
God is very good,
And the promise will fulfil
Sealed by His own blood.
Courage then, tho' hard your lot,
God can never lie,
Lift your heads on high, fear not,
Your redemption's nigh.

THE PLANT OF GOD'S PLANTING.



XCITE in me, O Lord, an ardent
thirst

After Thy kingdom and its right-
ousness,

And smite my stony heart, that tears may burst
Of true repentance and of deep distress.

Alas! the garden of my heart is cumbered
With hidden tares and noxious weeds unnum-
bered ;

O cleanse Thou me, that I may all my days
Bring forth good fruit to Thy eternal praise !

I know that from Thy fostering care proceed,
Thou heavenly gardener, sower of the earth,
The sprouting, growth, and ripening of the seed,
Through all its stages from its earliest birth :
There's not a flower so mean, nor blade that
groweth,

Whereon Thy love no tender care bestoweth ;
How sweet to think, Lord, that on Thee depend
Germ, blossom, fruit, until my life shall end !

Thy hand first drew me from the earth's green
lap,

With light revived me, and with soft dew fed,

And when a storm befell me, the mishap
Turned to my good, and raised my drooping
head.

From day to day Thy goodness more amazes,
And fills my heart with gratitude and praises ;
And thus I welcome, purging me from sin,
Thy needful pruning and wise discipline.



FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.



FATHER, whose hand hath led me
so securely,
Father, whose ear hath listened
to my prayer.

Father, whose eye hath watched o'er me so
surely,

Whose heart hath loved me with a love so
rare ;

Vouchsafe, O heavenly Father, to instruct me

In the straight way wherein I ought to go,
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,

Through health and sickness, and through
weal and woe.

O my Redeemer, who hast my redemption

Purchased and paid for by Thy precious blood,
Thereby procuring an entire exemption

From the dread wrath and punishment of
God ;

Thou who hast saved my soul from condemna-
tion,

Redeem it also from the power of sin,


Be thou the Captain still of my salvation,

Through whom alone I can the victory win.

O Holy Ghost, who from the Father flowest
And from the Son, O teach me how to pray;
Thou, who the love and peace of God bestowest,
With faith and hope inspire and cheer my way;
Direct, control, and sanctify each motion
Within my soul, and make it thus to be
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devotion,
A holy temple worthy, Lord, of Thee.



PILGRIM'S SONG.

NCOMPLAINING, though with
care grown hoary,
I desire to wear no crown of glory,
Where my Saviour wore a crown
of thorn;

Not in paths of roses would I dally,
Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,
Where He suffered bitter pain and scorn.

Lord, send forth Thy light and truth to lead
me

In the way, wherein Thy saints precede me,
With the Holy Spirit for my guide;
Let me choose the path of self-denial,
Shunning no sharp cross or bitter trial
Which my Saviour's steps have sanctified.

Give me, Thou, who art the soul's renewer,
Steadfast faith, which day by day grows truer;
Kindle love, the fruit of faith, in me,
Love, which puts the soul in active motion,
Love, which fills the heart with true devotion,
And which leads me thro' the world to Thee.

Many a painful step must be ascended,
Ere my weary pilgrimage is ended,
And in heaven I see Thee face to face;
O then reach Thy hand, dear Lord, to raise
me!
For alas! the giddy height dismays me,
Guide, uphold me with Thine arm of grace!

On the wide world's ocean rudely driven,
Let me gaze upon Thine own blue heaven,
The sweet haven where I long to be;
Give me now the comfort of possessing
What I value as the highest blessing,
Perfect peace through steadfast faith in Thee.

Here I am a sojourner and stranger,
Worn with hardship and exposed to danger,
Like a pilgrim with my staff in hand;
With the cross upon my breast I wander
To the promised Canaan which lies yonder,
My beloved and longed-for Fatherland.



PARTING.



OW mean ye thus by weeping
To break my very heart?
We both are in Christ's keeping,
And cannot therefore part;
Nor time, nor place, can sever
The bonds which us have bound;
In Christ abide for ever
Who once in Him are found.

As though to part for ever
We press each other's hands,
And yet no power can sever
Our love's eternal bands;
We look quite broken-hearted,
And sob our last farewell,
And yet can not be parted,
For both in Jesus dwell.

We say "I here, you yonder,"
"You go, and I remain,"
And yet are not asunder,
But links of one great chain;

In tones of deep affection
 “ Our road parts here ” we say,
Yet go in one direction,
 And in the self-same way.

Then let us cease from weeping,
 And moderate our woe,
We both are in Christ’s keeping,
 With whom we always go ;
Both under His protection,
 Both led by His dear hand,
Both in the same direction,
 To the same Fatherland.

In fruitless lamentation
 Let us not waste the hours,
But find our consolation
 In knowing Christ is ours ;
If faith in Him unite us,
 Though parting gives us pain
It cannot disunite us,
 For both in Him remain.



WHAT WE SHALL BE.



WHAT shall we be, and whither
shall we go,
When the last conflict of our life
is o'er,

And we return from wandering to and fro
To our dear home through heaven's eternal
door!

When we shake off the last dust from our feet,
When we wipe off the last drop from our
brow,

And our departed friends once more shall greet,
The hope which cheers and comforts us be-
low!

What shall we be, when we ourselves shall see
Bathed in the flood of everlasting light,
And from all guilt and sin entirely free
Stand pure and blameless in our Maker's
sight;

No longer from His holy presence driven,
Conscious of guilt, and stung with inward
pain,

But friends of God and citizens of heaven,
To join the ranks of His celestial train!

What shall we be, when we drink in the sound
Of heavenly music from the spheres above,
When golden harps to listening hosts around
Declare the wonders of redeeming love ;
When far and wide through the resounding air
Loud Hallelujahs from the ransomed rise,
And holy incense, sweet with praise and prayer,
Is wafted to the Highest through the skies !

What shall we be, when the freed soul can rise
With unrestrained and bold aspiring flight
To Him, who by His wondrous sacrifice
Hath opened heaven, and scattered sin's dark
night ;
When from the eye of faith the thin veil drops,
Like wreaths of mist before the morning's
rays,
And we behold, the end of all our hopes,
The Son of God in full refulgent blaze !

What shall we be, when we shall hear Him
say ;
“ Come, O ye blessed,” when we see Him
stand,
Robed in the light of everlasting day,
Before the throne of God at His right hand ;
When we behold the eyes from which once
flowed
Tears o'er the sin and misery of man,

And the deep wounds from which the precious
blood,
That made atonement for the world once
ran !

What shall we be, when hand in hand we go
With blessed spirits risen from the tomb,
Where streams of living water softly flow,
And trees still flourish in primeval bloom ;
Where in perpetual youth no cheek looks old
By the sharp tooth of cruel time imprest,
Where no bright eye is dimm'd, no heart grows
cold,
No grief, no pain, no death invades the blest !

What shall we be, when every glance we cast
At the dark valley underneath our feet,
And every retrospect of troubles past
Makes heaven brighter and its joys more
sweet ;
When the remembrance of our former woe
Gives a new relish to our present peace,
And draws our heart to Him, to whom we
owe
Our past deliverance and our present bliss !

What shall we be, who have in Christ be-
lieved,
What through His grace will be our sweet
reward !

Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived,

What God for those who love Him hath prepared :

Let us the steep ascent then boldly climb,

Our toil and labour will be well repaid ;

Let us haste onward, till in God's good time

We reap the fruit, a crown that doth not fade.



PART II.

THE CHILD JESUS.

DOST Thou in a manger lie,
Who hast all created,
Stretching infant hands on high,
Saviour long awaited?
If a monarch, where Thy state?
Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
Royal purple where?
Here no regal pomp we see,
Nought but need and penury,
Why thus cradled here?

“Pitying love for fallen man
Brought me down thus low,
For a race deep lost in sin
Rushing into woe.
By this lowly birth of mine
Countless riches shall be thine,
Matchless gifts and free.
Willingly this yoke I take,
And this sacrifice I make,
Reaping joys for thee.”

Fervent praise would I to Thee
Evermore be raising,
For Thy wondrous love to me,
Praising, praising, praising.
Glory, glory, be for ever
Unto that most bounteous Giver,
And that loving Lord !
Better witness to Thy worth,
Purer praise than ours on earth,
Angels' songs afford.



THE INCARNATION AND PASSION.



ORD, when Thou didst thyselfe undresse,
Laying by Thy robes of glory,
To make us more Thou wouldst belesse,

And becam'st a wofull story.
To put on clouds instead of light,
And cloathe the morning-starre with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in Thee, was ne'er exprest.
Brave wormes and earth! that thus could have
A God enclosed within your cell,
Your Maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heaven in a shell.
Ah, my dear Lord! what couldst Thou spy
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made Thee thus resolve to die
For those that kill Thee every day?
O what strange wonders could Thee move
To slight Thy precious blood and breath?
Sure it was *Love*, my Lord; for *Love*
Is only stronger far than death!

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

KNEEL, my child, for God is here!
Bend in love, and not in fear
Kneel before Him now in prayer;
Thank Him for His constant care;
Praise Him for His bounty shed
Every moment on thy head;
Ask Him to point out thy way,
And to guard thee through the day;
Ask Him still to watch and keep
Thee in the silent hours of sleep;
Ask for light to know His word;
Ask for love to shed abroad;
Pray for strength, for thou art weak,
And for grace and mercy seek;
Ask for faith, to bear thee on,
Through the might of Christ, His Son;
Pray for mercy in His name
Who from heaven to save thee came;
Ask His Spirit still to guide thee
Through the ills that may betide thee;
Ask for peace to lull to rest
Every tumult of the breast;
Ask His soul-sustaining truth,
As the spring-dew of thy youth;

Ask His promises to bless
Thee in Thy age's helplessness ;
Ask in awe, but not in fear ;
Kneel, my child, for God is here.
God thy father is, and friend,
Thy only stay, thy only trust ;
He loves thee, and His wings extend
To shield thee, though a child of dust.
Love Him then, for he is good ;
Sink before Him — He is wise ;
Life and health, and rest and food,
He still ordains, and still supplies.
Love Him — for He loveth thee,
Bendeth now thy prayer to hear ;
Kneel, then, in deep humility,
And pray, my child, for God is near.



HE GOETH BEFORE THEM.



ORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by His door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.



A MORNING HYMN.



DAY-SPRING from on high,
Cause pass away our night,
Clear first our morning sky,
And after shine Thou bright.

Of lights Thou art the light,
Of righteousness the sun;
Thy beams they are most bright,
Through all the world they run.

O, of all lights the light,
The light that is most true,
Now banish Thou our night,
And still our light renew.

Thy face now to us shew,
O Son of God most dear!
O Morning Star most true,
Make Thou our darkness clear.

THE AGED BELIEVER.



WITH years oppressed, with sorrow
worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To Thee, O God, I pray :
To Thee my withered hands arise,
To Thee I lift these failing eyes,
O cast me not away !

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustain'd my childish days :
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour, has Thy grace declined ?
Can years affect the Eternal Mind ?
Or time its love decay ?
A thousand ages in Thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight,
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, Thy name,
Shall still my languid heart inflame,

And bow my faltering knee ;
O yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre,
Have yet a strain for Thee.

Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long ;
Till, sinking slow with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.



THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.



O weary hearts, to mourning homes
God's meekest Angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;

He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

"THE PRAYERS I MAKE."



HE pray'rs I make will then be
sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which
I pray;

My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed;
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou say'st it
may.

Unless Thou show to us Thy own true way,
No man can find it: Father! Thou must
lead;

Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into
my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;

The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing to Thee!
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MY GOD! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

"GIVE ME THINE HEART."



GIVE me thine heart but as I gave
it thee :

Or give it me at least as I
Have given mine
To purchase thine.

I halv'd it not when I did die ;
But wholly gave myself to set thee free.

The heart I gave thee was a living heart ;
And when thy heart by sin was slain,
I laid down mine
To ransom thine,
That thy dead heart might live again,
And live entirely perfect, not in part.

But whilst thine heart's divided, it is dead :
Dead unto me, unless it live
To me alone ;
It is all one

To keep all, and a part to give :
For what's a body worth without an head !

Yet this is worse, that what thou keep'st from me
Thou dost bestow upon my foes :

And those not mine
Alone, but thine ;
The proper causes of thy woes,
From whom I gave my life to set thee free.

Have I betrothed thee to myself, and shall
The devil and the world intrude
Upon my right,
E'en in my sight ?

Think not thou canst me so delude :
I will have none, unless I may have all.

I made it all, I gave it all to thee,
I gave all that I had for it :
If I must lose,
I'd rather choose

Mine interest in all to quit :
Or keep it whole, or give it whole to me.



THE INVALID'S HYMN.



THOU, whose wise paternal love
Hath brought my active vigour
down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve ;
And prostrate at Thy gracious throne
I offer up my life's remains, —
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do ;
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show ;
My patience may Thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since without Thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask in Jesus' right ;
The strength He did for me procure,
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart.


This single good I humbly crave —
This single good on me bestow ;

And when my one desire I have,
Let every other blessing go!
Ah! do not, Lord, my suit deny,
I only want to love and die.

Or let me live, of love possessed,
In weakness, weariness, and pain;
The anguish of my labouring breast,
The daily cross, I still sustain
For Him that languish'd on the tree,
But lived before He died for me.



THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.

ING with me! Sing with me!
Weeping brethren sing with me!
For now an open heaven I see,
And a crown of glory laid for me.
How my soul this earth despises!
How my heart and spirit rises!
Bounding from the flesh I sever;
World of sin, farewell for ever!

Sing with me! Sing with me!
Friends in Jesus, sing with me!
All my sufferings, all my woe,
All my griefs I here forego.
Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,
Praying, hearing, and believing;
Earthly trust and all its wrongings,
Earthly love — and all its longings!

Sing with me! Sing with me!
Blessed spirits sing with me!
To the Lamb our song shall be,
Through a glad eternity!

Farewell earthly morn and even,
 Sun and moon, and stars of heaven;
 Heavenly portals ope before me,
 Welcome, Christ, in all Thy glory!

"IT IS WELL."

BELOVED, "It is well."
 God's ways are always right;
 And love is o'er them all,
 Though far above our sight.

Beloved, "It is well."
 Though deep and sore the smart,
 He wounds who skills to bind
 And heal the broken heart.

Beloved, "It is well."
 Though sorrow clouds our way,
 'Twill make the joy more dear
 That ushers in the day.

Beloved, "It is well."
 The path that Jesus trod,
 Though rough and dark it be,
 Leads home to heaven and God.

HEAVENLY TEACHING.



IS not the skill of human art
Which gives me power my God
to know ;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that He learnt above ;
No other master knows so well,
'Tis Love alone can tell of Love !

Oh ! of God if thou wouldst learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory, see,
All human arts and knowledge spurn,
Let Love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my master, when it breaks
The morning light with rising ray ;
To Thee, O God, my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads his dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

WHEN WE FIRST AWAKE.

DEAR God! that watch doth keep
Round all that honour Thee,
Vouchsafing Thy beloved sleep
When rest shall needful be;
My soul returns Thee praise,
That thus refresh'd I am;
And that my tongue a voice can raise,
To praise Thee for the same.

As now my soul doth shake
Dull sleep out of her eyes;
So let Thy Spirit me awake,
That I from sin may rise.
The night is past away,
Which fill'd us full of fears;
And we enjoy the glorious day,
Wherein Thy grace appears.

Oh! let me, therefore, shun
All errors of the night;
Thy righteousness let me put on,
And walk as in the light:

And guard me from his power,
 Since I on Thee rely,
 Who walks in darkness to devour
 When our long sleep draws nigh.

Yea, when the trump shall sound
 Our summons from the grave,
 Let this my body from the ground
 A blessed rising have.
 That, whatsoe'er the dreams
 Of my corruption be,
 The vision of Thy glorious beams
 May bring full joys to me.



THE PALMER'S MORNING HYMN.



LAUDED be Thy name for ever,
Thou, of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard Thy creatures
sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
And all the fury subject keep
Of boiling cloud and chafèd deep!
I have seen, and I well know it!
Thou hast done, and Thou wilt do it!
God of stillness, and of motion!
Of the rainbow and the ocean!
Of the mountain, rock, and river!
Blessed be Thy name for ever!
I have seen Thy wond'rous might
Through the shadows of the night!
Thou who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest!
Spirits from the ocean under,
Liquid flame, and levell'd thunder,
Need not waken, nor alarm them—
All combined, they cannot harm them.
God of evening's yellow ray;
God of yonder dawning day,

That rises from the distant sea
 Like breathings of eternity!
 Thine the flaming sphere of light!
 Thine the darkness of the night!
 Thine are all the gems of even,
 God of angels! God of heaven!
 God of life, that fade shall never,
 Glory to Thy name for ever!

LUTHER'S PRAYER.



OUR God, our Father, with us stay,
 And make us keep Thy narrow
 way;

Free us from sin and all its power;
 Give us a joyful dying hour;
 Deliver us from Satan's arts,
 And let us build our hopes on Thee,
 Down in our very heart of hearts!
 O God, may we true servants be,
 And serve Thee ever perfectly.
 Help us, with all Thy children here,
 To fight and flee with holy fear;
 Flee from temptation, and to fight
 With Thine own weapons for the right;
 Amen, amen, so let it be!
 So shall we ever sing to Thee,
 Hallelujah!

“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”



F all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep —
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this,
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved —
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep —
The senate's shout to patriot vows —
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved,” we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep :
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumbers when
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !

O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap !
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall,
 God makes a silence through you all —
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men toil and reap ;
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

He ! men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man,
 In such a rest his heart to keep ;
 But angels say, and through the word,
 I ween their blessed smile is *heard* —
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."




CHARITY.



ENTLE as if descended from the
skies,
And lovely as an angel form
must be,
A spirit, as methought, before mine eyes,
Amidst the sons of earth stole silently.
I watch'd her progress, as she seemed to shun
The eyes of all who would have known the
cause
Why she was bless'd with murmurs of
applause.
When issuing from the homes of wretched-
ness
She fed the hungry, clothèd nakedness —
Watch'd with the mourner, and upbraided none;
But, as the Saviour of the world before
Had done, she bade them go, and sin no
more.
'Twas then I knew the angel form to be
The heaven-born spirit — hallow'd Charity.

THE PURIFIER OF SILVER.

 E that from dross would win the
precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an ear-
nest eye,

The subtle, searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass
by,

When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are His people tried,
Thrice happy they who to the end en-
dure!

But who the fiery trial may abide?

Who from the crucible come forth so
pure,

That He whose eyes of flame look through the
whole

May see His image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face,

But, stamp't with heaven's broad signet, there
be shown

Immanuel's features full of truth and grace ;
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment, but — eternity."



SONG IN THE NIGHT.



IN pity, my most tender God
Now takes from me His rod,
And the transporting ease I feel
Enkindles in me ardent zeal,
That love, joy, praise, may all combine,
To sing infinity of Love Divine.

My love, joy, praise, all powers within,
Your heavenly task begin !
My love shall ever keep on wing,
Incessantly shall heavenward spring ;
Love the Beloved still keeps in mind,
Loves all day long, and will not be confined.

THE DAWNING.



H! what time wilt Thou come?
when shall that cry
The *Bridegroom's coming!* fill the
sky?

Shall it in the evening run,
When our words and works are done?
Or will Thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowers?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternity?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with Thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring: every field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,

The pury clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter ;
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star.

O at what time soever Thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And, with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant, I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave.
But as this restless vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage ;
And though, while here, of course I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above ;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thyself will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy Great Day.

"GOD MANIFEST IN FLESH."

H, mystery transcending thought,
By prophets and apostles taught!
Here, all our powers adore:
God was made manifest in Man;
The Word, who was ere time began,
Our mortal nature wore.

He came to make the Father known:
Through all His works the Godhead shone
Omnipotent, benign:
The Cross His power to save expressed:
He rose in majesty confessed,
In spirit all divine.

Angels who hailed His wondrous birth
Attended all His steps on earth;
With awe and glad surprise
They saw the tempter's malice foiled,
Death vanquished, and the grave despoiled;
They saw the Conqueror rise.

By faithless Judah not received,
On Him the wondering world believed;
Like light His kingdom spread.

Assembled round their Risen Lord,
Numbers beheld Him and adored
The First-born from the dead.

Not long must earth her Lord detain ;
Lo ! He ascends as Son to reign
Upon His Father's throne ;
Then Priest and King abiding still,
He comes, His promise to fulfil,
When all His power shall own.



SUNDAY.



DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's
bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme de-
light,

Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark, but for thy light :
Thy Torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
The working-days are the back part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace archèd lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.

On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His :
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.

Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
O let me take thee at the bound,

Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven !



THANKFULNESS.



THANK Thee, O my God, who
made

The earth so light,

So full of splendour and of joy,

Beauty and bright ;

So many glorious things are here,

Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made

Joy to abound,

So many gentle thoughts and deeds

Circling us round ;

That in the darkest spot on earth

Some love is found.

I thank Thee more, that all our joy

Is touched with pain ;

That shadows fall on brightest hours,

That thorns remain ;

So that earth's bliss may be our guide,

And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon

Our weak heart clings,

Hast given us joys, tender and true,

Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more ;
A yearning for a deeper place
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, howe'er they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.



HYMN.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends, O Father,
hear it !
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and
meekness,
Forgive this weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee.
What can I offer in Thy presence holy
But sin and folly ?

For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest
Thoughts of a heavenly hour ; our lips repeat
them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand — it leads us — it supports
us —
We hear Thy voice — it counsels and it courts
us ;
And then we turn away — and still Thy kind-
ness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glow-
ing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us
blowing;
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

Oh, how long-suffering, Lord ! but Thou de-
lightest
To win with love the wandering — Thou in-
vitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call — appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever?
My bosom ? Never.

Father and Saviour ! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the ward-
ens,
Where every flower that creeps through death's
dark portal
Becomes immortal.

IN THE FIELD.



FIGHTING the battle of life !
 With a weary heart and head,
 For in the midst of the strife
 The banners of joy are fled.

Fighting the whole day long —
 With a very tired hand ;
 With only my armour strong,
 The shelter in which I stand.

There is nothing left of *me* :
 If all *my* strength were shewn,
 So small the amount would be,
 Its presence would scarcely be known.

Fighting alone to-night —
 With not even a stander-by
 To cheer me on in the fight,
 Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear,
 Only the Lord can see
 The struggle within, how dark and drear,
 Though quiet the outside be.

Lord, I would fain be still
And quiet behind my shield ;
But make me to love Thy will
For fear I should ever yield.

Nothing but perfect trust,
And love of Thy perfect will,
Can raise me out of the dust,
And bid my fears be still.

Even as now my hands,
So doth my folded will
Lie waiting Thy commands
Without one anxious thrill.

Lord, fix my eyes upon Thee,
And fill my heart with Thy love ;
And keep my soul till the shadows flee,
And the light breaks forth above.



“THY WILL BE DONE.”

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough
way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
“Thy will be done.”

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me “be still” and murmur not ;
Or breathe the prayer, divinely taught,
“Thy will be done.”

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh ?
Submissive still I would reply,
“Thy will be done.”

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine :
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
“Thy will be done.”

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father ! still I strive to say,
“Thy will be done.”


If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God ! to Thee I leave the rest,
“Thy will be done.”

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
“Thy will be done.”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer half-mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
“Thy will be done.”



SEEKING.

E'LL seek Thy face at early dawn
When clouds and darkness veil
the sky,
Upon the rising mists of morn
Confess our errors in a sigh,
And the first beam that shines above
Shall glow with Thy forgiving love.

Then will the clouds that linger oft
About the region of the breast,
Like those that faint in light aloft,
Flee far away and give us rest ;
While every darksome grief shall be
Dispelled by glory shed from Thee.

Give us the faith to feel and know
That Thou art mirrored full and true
Within the breast, as Thou dost show
Thy sun amid a drop of dew.
And thus from sleep Thy saints upraise,
To seek Thy face in prayer and praise.

TROUBLE.



FROM out the depths of misery I
cry

To Thee, O Lord, and that most
earnestly ;

Prayers intermixed with sighs and tears
My soul sends up into Thine ears.

I pour out all my moan
Before Thee, Thee alone,
And for relief
Show Thee my grief.

Lord, when my troubled spirit could not rest
For anguish of my mind, Thou knewest best
What way to help me, and did see
A path through all to set me free.

Thy foes, and mine, do lay
Snares for me, in my way
One did privily
In ambush lie.

I looked on every side, but I could see
None who would know, and much less succour
me.

My friends revolted totally,
On whom I usèd to rely ;
All ways to 'scape by flight
Were stopped, and shut up quite,
And none did care
My soul to spare.

Thus troubled ; laid on wait for ; desolate ;
Enclosèd round ; and thus disconsolate ;
I cried to Thee, O Lord, and said,
Thou art my hope, my help, my aid,
The rock I build upon ;
My lot, my portion,
For this life, and
A better land.




HEAVEN OPENED.



If there be a heaven so fair
O'er us ever shining,
We shall never enter there
By looking up and pining.
In one holy, quiet thought,
Heaven to us is nearer brought,
Than in all the radiance bright,
Of a thousand worlds of light.

EVENING LIGHT.

EHOLD the western evening-light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast ;
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The vesper-star appears ;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death,
Shall wake, to close no more.




SAVIOUR of mankind, man, Emman-
uel,
Who sinless died for sin, who van-
quish'd hell,

The first-fruits of the grave, whose life did give
Light to our darkness, in whose death we live!
O strengthen Thou my faith, correct my will,
That mine may Thine obey! Correct me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with thy seal; so in the hour
When Thou, whose body sanctified Thy tomb,
Unjustly judg'd, a glorious Judge shalt come
To judge the world with justice, by that sign
I may be known and entertained for Thine.



GRAY HAIRS.

HESE hairs of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and
prayer ;
They be of death the harbingers,
That do prepare and dress the way ;
Wherefore, I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.


They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run ;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun ;
The which I feel, and you may see
Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical ;
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall ;
Wherefore I love that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant ;

That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy, their lives well spent;
God grant, likewise, that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTHDAY.

ORN unto God in Christ—in Christ
my all?

What that earth boasts were not
lost cheaply, rather

Than forfeit that blest name, by which we call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, our
Father!

The heir of heaven, henceforth I dread not
death;

In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life. Let sea, and earth, and sky


Wage war against me; on my front I show
Their mighty Maker's seal! In vain they try

To end my life, who can but end its woe.

Is that a deathbed where the Christian lies?

Yes, but not *his*; 'tis death itself that dies!

THE CITY OF GOD.

 O thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep ;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O one! O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy.

Beside thy living waters,
All plants are great and small —
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop on the wall.
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced,

The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day,
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise the holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there from toil released
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.



IN the mid silence of the voiceless
night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the
slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee ?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone ;
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill —
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O, in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside — how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee !

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

TOO LATE, YET NOT TOO LATE.



LAS, that I not earlier knew Thee,
Whom no man ever fully knows!
That I not earlier clove unto Thee,
Thou highest bliss and true repose;
O how my heart with sorrow burns
That it so late to love Thee learns.

I went astray in passion's mazes,
I sought but found Thee not, my sight
Was dazed with earthly glory's blazes,
Enamored of created light;
But now at length, all praise to Thee,
Thro' faith thy beauteous face I see.

True sun! I thank thee thou hast given
The glorious light of truth to me;
I thank thee, holy joy of Heaven,
That thou hast made me glad and free;
I thank Thee, O Thou Power divine,
That kindled this new life of mine.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.



IMMORTAL babe, who this dear
day
Didst change Thine heaven for our
clay,
And didst with flesh the Godhead veil,
Eternal Son of God, all hail!

Shine, happy star ; ye angels sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King !
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem's *cratch*.

Worship, ye sages of the east,
The King of gods in meanness drest.
O blessed maid, smile and adore
The God thy womb and arms have bore.

Star, angels, shepherds, and wise sages,
Thou virgin, glory of all ages,
Restored frame of heaven and earth,
Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth.

I WILL KEEP THEE.



HUS said Jesus : — I will keep
In safety my defenceless sheep
From sin and endless misery,
Seeking soul, I will keep thee.

Soul.

Lord, I believe Thy word is sure,
But I am ignorant and poor,
My goodness reaches not to Thee,
For mercy's sake, wilt Thou keep me ?

Jesus.

I passèd by the rich and brave,
Thee, needy soul, I came to save ;
The poor in spirit blessed be —
Oh ! trust me then, I will keep thee.

Soul.

But, Lord, I have a deeper wound,
An evil heart within I've found ;
My nature's enmity with Thee,
Offended King, wilt Thou keep me ?

Jesus.

Of old thy evil I beheld,
Yet was with love and pity filled ;
I therefore died to set thee free —
For my own sake I will keep thee.

Soul.

Yea, I have proved Thy power, my God,
And felt Thy efficacious blood ;
But sin remains, though it I flee —
Wilt Thou preserve backsliding me ?

Jesus.

Before I wrought upon thy will
I knew how treacherously thou wouldst deal ;
I did thy base transgressions see,
And yet resolved I would keep thee ;
But thou shalt conqueror be at length,
Till then I will renew thy strength,
Sin shall not have the victory ;
Only believe — I will keep thee.

Soul.

Permit me once again to speak —
Sometime Thy face in tears I seek,
And oft a gloomy veil I see :
Canst Thou be wroth, and yet keep me ?

Jesus.

Let then this answer thee suffice :
In anger I do not chastise :
More fervent be thy cry — thy plea —
And as I live I will keep thee ;
But if thou forsake thy God,
Then will I visit with the rod ;
I may correct to a degree,
Nevertheless I will keep thee.

Soul.

But, ah ! I feel temptation strong,
And if my journey should be long,
I fear I shall dishonour Thee :
Wilt Thou continue to keep me ?

Jesus.

Can I forsake my heart's delight ?
Thy end is precious in my sight ;
I conquered Death on Calvary,
And from its sting I will keep thee.
I will be near thy dying bed —
Amid the waves sustain thy head ;
My rod, my staff, thy help shall be,
In perfect peace I will keep thee.
I am the ark that goes before
To guide the pilgrim safe to shore ;
At my rebuke shall Jordan flee —
In life, in death, I will keep thee.

Then, then, my sister and my spouse,
I will fulfil my sacred vows ;
And thou in bliss my glory see,
When on my breast I've placèd thee.

Soul.

It is enough, my Lord ! my Love !
The hills, the mountains must remove ;
But I shall still unshaken be —
The word is passed, *Thou wilt keep me.*



GOD WITH US.

WHILE to Bethlehem we are going,
Tell me now, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely Infant
Quitted His divine abode?

“From that world to bring to this
Peace; which of all earthly blisses
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Wherefore from His throne exalted
Came He on this earth to dwell;
All His pomp a humble manger,
All His court a narrow cell?

“From that world to bring to this
Peace; which of all earthly blisses
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

Why did He, the Lord eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be;
He who fashioned for His glory
Boundless immortality?

“From that world to bring to this
Peace; which of all earthly blisses
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

THE CHILD'S PLEA.



SUFFER me to come to Jesus,
Mother, dear, forbid me not;
By His blood from hell He frees us,
Makes us fair without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,
At His piercèd feet to fall.
Why forbid me? Help me rather:
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto Him;
Gentle sisters, come with me.
Oh that all I love but knew Him,
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me,
Father, mother, sister, friend,
Jesus never will forbid me,
Jesus loves me to the end!

Gentle Shepherd, on Thy shoulder
Carry me, a sinful lamb;
Give me faith, and make me bolder,
Till with Thee in heaven I am.

COMFORT.



PEAK to me, O my Saviour, low
and sweet

From out the hallelujahs — sweet
and low,

Lest I should fear, fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not miss'd where faithful hearts en-
treat:

Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet;

And if no precious gums my hands bestow,

My tears fall fast as amber. Let me go

In reach of Thy divinest voice complete

With humanest affection, there in sooth
To lose the sense of losing, as a child,

Its song-bird being lost, fled evermore,

Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;

Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,

He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.



FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.


Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;

Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.


THE DARK ANGEL.

OUNT each affliction, whether light
or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee.
Do thou

With courtesy receive him : rise and bow ;
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should
be

Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free :
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts last-
ing to the end.

WHEN WE CANNOT SLEEP.

HAT ails my heart, that in my
breast
It thus unquiet lies;
And that it now of needful rest
Deprives my tired eyes?
Let not vain hopes, griefs, doubts, or fears,
Distemper so my mind;
But cast on God thy thoughtful cares,
And comfort thou shalt find.

In vain that soul attempteth aught,
And spends her thoughts in vain,
Who by or in herself hath sought
Desired peace to gain.
In vain as rising in the morn
Before the day appear;
In vain to bed we late return,
And lie unquiet there.

For when of rest our sin deprives,
When cares do waking keep;
'Tis God, and He alone, that gives
To His beloved sleep.

On Thee, O Lord ! on Thee therefore,
My musings now I place :
Thy free remission I implore,
And Thy refreshing grace.

Forgive Thou me, that when my mind
Oppress'd begun to be,
I sought elsewhere my peace to find,
Before I came to Thee.
And, gracious God ! vouchsafe to grant,
Unworthy though I am,
The needful rest which now I want,
That I may praise Thy name.



THE GLORY RESERVED.



SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O what magnificence must glow,
My God! about Thy throne!
So brilliant *here* those drops of light,
Where the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil—
What splendour at the shrine must dwell?

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shews, O Lord! one beam of Thine,
What, then, *the day where Thou dost shine!*

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays;

Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

HINDRANCE.



THOU cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hindrance or impediment.
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That, without which all goodness were a task
So slight that Virtue never could grow strong,
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,
The Imposer's — overburdened thou shalt ask
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

ABIDE IN ME AND I IN YOU.



THAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep
for me!

Wearied of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee!
From this good hour, O leave me never more!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me — o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin;
Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine:

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand di-
vine.

Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.


Abide in me : there have been moments pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy
power ;

Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hush'd,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me and they shall ever be ;
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and *abide* in me, and I in Thee.



GIVE EAR, O LORD.

IVE ear, O Lord, to hear
My heavy, care-full cries ;
And let my woful plaints ascend
Above the starry skies :
And now receive my soul
That puts her trust in Thee,
And mercy grant to purge my sins —
Mercie, good Lord, mercie !

My soul's desire to drink
From fountain of Thy grace,
To slake this thirst, O God, vouchsafe,
And turn not off Thy face ;
But bow Thy bending ear
With mercy when I cry,
And pardon grant for sinful life, —
Mercie, good Lord, mercie !

Behold, at length, O Lord,
My sore repentant mind,
Which knocks with faith, and hopes thereby
Thy mercies great to find.

Thy promise thus hath past,
From which I will not fly,
Who doth repent, trusting in Thee,
Shall taste of Thy mercie.



MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.



WHEN I consider how my light is
spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark
world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide—
“Doth God exact day-labour light denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies—God doth not need
Either man’s work or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best:
His taste
Is kingly;—thousands at His bidding speed
And post o’er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait!

MORNING.



SEE, the star that leads the day
Rising, shoots a golden ray
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below,
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night.

From a heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground,
Send devotion up on high
Wing'd with heat, to reach the sky.
See, the time for sleep has run!
Rise before or with the sun.

Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day,
That, as the light, serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred Spirit so may rest
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast,
And kindly clear it all within
From darker blemishes of sin,
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.

See the day that dawns in air
Brings along its toil and care.
From the lap of night it springs
With heaps of business on its wings.
Prepare to meet them in a mind
That bows submissively resigned;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has ordered all.

And whether with a small repast
We break the sober morning fast,
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day,
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet;
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.

O, Giver of eternal bliss,
Grant, heavenly Father! grant me this!
Grant it to all, as well as me,
All those whose hearts are fix'd on Thee,
Who revere Thy Son above,
Who Thy Sacred Spirit love.



MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.



THOUGH I am slow to trust the
Lord,
Slow to believe Thy gracious word,
Yet sweet Thy promise is to me,
“Sufficient is my grace for thee.”

Though trials often here, and care,
This weary heart of mine must share,
How comforting Thy word to me,
“My grace sufficient is for thee.”

Thus I can triumph in distress,
And find that even pain can bless,
Feeling how sure Thy word to me,
“Sufficient is my grace for thee.”

Thy love I know, O Lord, can shed
Its beams o'er every path I tread,
Reviving me and teaching me,
“Sufficient is my grace for thee.”


For *Thou* canst feel each grief *I* feel,
Canst sympathize, sustain, and heal,
And sweetly bring the truth to me,
“Thy grace sufficient is for me.”

O Saviour! grace on me bestow,
Then though my tears may sometimes flow,
The precious truth my faith shall see,
“My grace sufficient is for thee.”

And when I see Thee in the light
Thy matchless glory makes so bright,
Then shall I own, adoring Thee,
“Sufficient was Thy grace for me.”



THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

OD of mercy, God of love,
Hear me from Thy throne above;
Teach me now in truth to pray,
Take my *sinful* heart away.

Often I offend the Lord,
I neglect Thy holy Word;
Break Thy blessèd Sabbath day —
Take my *rebel* heart away.

When my friends and teachers kind
Bid me their instructions mind,
Then I talk or idly play —
Take my *careless* heart away.

Oft I disobedient grow,
And ungrateful tempers show;
Evil things I do and say —
Take my *wicked* heart away.

When of Jesus' love I'm told,
My heart how very dull and cold.
Oh! to me that love display —
Take my *stony* heart away.

Mould my nature all afresh,
Give to me the "heart of flesh;"
For I know that grace divine
Changes even hearts like mine.

THE COMFORTER.




IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that open which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

HAT shall I render Thee ! Father
Supreme,
For Thy rich gifts, and *this* the
best of all ? ”

Said a young mother, as she fondly watch'd
Her sleeping babe.

There was an answering voice
That night in dreams.

“Thou hast a little bud
Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews
Of love ; give me that bud, 'twill be
A flower in heaven.”

But there was silence, yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken,

That the lip
Blanch'd in its trance —

“Thou hast a little harp ;
How sweetly would it swell the
Angels' songs ! Give me that harp.”
There burst a shuddering sob
As if the bosom, by some hidden sword,
Was cleft in twain.
Morn came, a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud ;

The harp-string rang a thrilling strain,
And broke,

And that young mother lay upon
The earth in childless agony.

Again the voice
That stirred her vision —

“He who asked of thee
Loveth a cheerful giver.”

So she raised
Her gushing eye, and ere the tear-drop
Died upon its fringes, smiled —

Doubt not that smile,
Like Abraham's faith,
“Was counted righteousness.”



HYMN OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.



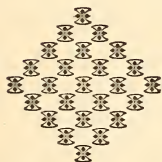
GLAD on the mountains,
Bright o'er vales and fountains,
Dawns the fair day of peace and
love ;
Nations are waking,
Where the day breaking,
Chases the clouds that brood above.

Welcome, bright morning,
All the earth adorning !
Gentiles and Jews shall own thy sway.
Kings have confessed thee,
Prophets have blessed thee,
But never lived to see the day.

To *us* is given,
Like a glimpse of heaven,
Light of that glory promised long !
Oh, may it brighten,
Till it shall lighten
All earth with radiance full and strong.

O God, most holy,
Fain would we, though lowly,

Send up our mingled praise to Thee;
Thine is the giving,
Ours the receiving —
Thine shall the endless glory be!



THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.



HEPHERD of tender youth!

Guiding, in love and truth,

Through devious ways;

Christ, our triumphant King,

We come Thy name to sing;

And here our children bring

To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!

The all-subduing Word!—

Healer of strife!

Thou didst Thyself abase,

That from sin's deep disgrace

Thou mightest save our race,

And give us life.

Thou art Wisdom's High-Priest!

Thou hast prepared the feast

Of holy love;

And in our mortal pain

None calls on Thee in vain;

Help Thou dost not disdain—

Help from above.

Ever be thus our Guide!
Our Shepherd and our pride, —
Our staff and song!
Jesus! Thou Christ of God!
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod —
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the song,
To Christ our King.



OUR ONE LIFE.



IS not for man to trifle ! Life is
brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf —
A dropping tear.

We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we —
Frail, fleeting man !
How sacred should that one life ever be —
That narrow span !
Day after day filled up with blessèd toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream ;
No fable of the things that never were
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning
be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night —
No idle tale ;

No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale.

They are the true realities of earth —
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O, life below, how brief, how poor, and sad !
One heavy sigh.

O, life above — how long, how fair, and glad !
An endless joy.

Oh, to have done for aye with dying here !
Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere !

O, day of time, how dark ! O, sky and earth,
How dull your hue !

O, day of Christ, how bright ! O, sky and
earth,
Made fair and new !

Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green ;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene !



THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE, AND
THE TWO DOVES.

ONE time my soul was pierced as
with a sword,
Contending still with men un-
taught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd,
Gave me the solace of a little child!

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heav'n!
When home I turn'd, a weary man of strife!

With unform'd laughter musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my
kiss;
With outstretched arms its care-worn father
greet,
Oh! in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad!
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying —

(The prophet's gourd it withered in a night,)
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse
trying,

Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away;
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day!

My gracious Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for His own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade its mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heav'n,
Gazing the while on death without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed.

— There were two milk-white doves my wife
had nourished,
And I too loved erewhile at times to stand,

Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest ;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast !

'Twas a fair sight — the snow-pale infant sleep-
ing,
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild ;
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes
keeping !
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and
child !

Still as he sickened seemed the doves too
dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty
play ;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away !

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill ;
And when at last the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill !

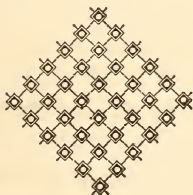
The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo ;

To my dead child, and its dead mate then guiding

Most pitifully plained — and parted too!

'Twas my first hansel and propine to heaven!

And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts — once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!



A ROCKING HYMN.



SWEET baby, sleep: what ails my
dear;

What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine
ear,

To hear me sing thy lullaby.

My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;

Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Whilst thus thy lullaby I sing,

For thee great blessings ripening be;

Thine eldest brother is a King,

And hath a kingdom bought for thee.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;

Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,

In little babes He took delight;

Such innocents as thou, my dear!

Are ever precious in His sight.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;

Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He,
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease ;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain,
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee ;
And by His torments and His pain,
Thy rest and ease securèd be.
My baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got,
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not ;
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.



ONE IN CHRIST.



NE baptism, and one faith,
One Lord, below, above !
The fellowship of Zion hath
One only watchword, — Love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our Sacrifice is One ;
One priest before the throne, —
The Crucified, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone !
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Oh, why should they who love
One Gospel to unfold,
Who look for one bright home above,
On earth be strange and cold ?
Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
In strife abide, and bitterness ?

Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,

The utterance of His latest care,
Ere to His throne He passed, —
No longer unfulfilled remain
The world's offence, the people's stain!

Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, — the true, —
On her disjointed members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.



JOY IN HEAVEN.



THE Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
“Our Father,” breathed a voice
below,
“Father, who art in heaven!”

Beyond the earth — beyond the cloud —
Those infant words were given;
“Our Father,” angels sang aloud —
“Father, who art in heaven!”

“Thy kingdom come,” still from the ground,
That child-like voice did pray;
“Thy kingdom come,” God’s hosts resound,
Far up the starry way!

“Thy will be done,” with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
“Thy will be done,” the angelic throng
Sing from seraphic shores!

“For ever,” still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
“For ever,” floats in music sweet —
High ’midst the angels there!

Thine be the glory evermore,
From Thee may man ne'er sever;
But every Christian land adore
Jehovah! — God! — for ever!



THE SPIRIT'S HOME.



MYSTERIOUS in its birth,
And viewless as the blast,
Where has the spirit fled from
earth?
For ever past.

We ask the grave below,
It keeps the secret well;
We call upon the heavens to shew;
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand
Are tales and tidings known;
But from the spirit's distant land
Returneth none.


Winds bear the breath of flowers
To travellers o'er the wave;
But bear no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud science scales the skies,
From star to star doth roam;
But reacheth not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
 This mystery of heaven ;
But where all knowledge is denied,
 There faith is given.



HOLY RESOLUTION.

OME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be.

My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets, forbear;
Ye dearest idols, fall.
My love ye must not share;
Jesus shall have it all.
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But ah! thou must consent, my heart.

Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell;
Ye cherished joys of early years;—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,

My fevered mind to calm,
To bid me not despair.
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to Thee.

O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With Thee, my Lord, compare :
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.



"LORD, I BELIEVE."



YES, I do feel, my God, that I am
Thine ;
Thou art my joy, — myself, mine
only grief ;
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy
shrine, —

"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer leaf ;
Yet O forgive ! I doubt not, though I fear ;
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

True I am weak, ah, very weak, but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief ;
And though repulsed I still can plead again,
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

O draw me nearer ; for, too far away,
The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief ;
While faith, though fainting, still hath strength
to pray —
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

COMFORTER DIVINE.



COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite ;
Comforter Divine.

We are sinful — cleanse us, Lord :
Sick and faint — Thy strength afford :
Lost, — until by Thee restor'd,
Comforter Divine.

Orphans are our souls, and poor,
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

Like the dew, Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast —
Shrine of purity confess'd ;
Comforter Divine.

In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.


Dwell in us, as in the Son,
With His Father ever one
In adoring union ;
Comforter Divine.

In us "Abba, Father," cry ;
Earnest of our bliss on high ;
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

Search for us the depths of God ;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode ;
Comforter Divine.



SICKNESS.

OD! whom I as love have known,
Thou hast sickness laid on me,
And these pains are sent of Thee,
Under which I burn and moan;
Let them burn away the sin,
That too oft hath check'd the love
Wherewith Thou my heart wouldst move
When Thy Spirit works within!

In my weakness be Thou strong,
Be Thou sweet when I am sad,
Let me still in Thee be glad,
Though my pains be keen and long.
All that wrings my heart and brow,
All that wasteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love ordains, for Love art Thou.

Suffering is the work now sent;
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by:
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain! I bow

To my heavenly Father's will
And receive it hush'd and still :
Suffering is my worship now.

God! I take it from Thy hand
As a sign of love, I know
Thou wouldst perfect me through woe,
Till I pure before Thee stand.
All refreshment, all the food
Given for the body's need
Comes from Thee, who lov'st indeed,
Comes from Thee, for Thou art good.

Let my soul beneath her load
Faint not through the o'erwearied flesh ;
Let her hourly drink afresh
Love and peace from Thee, my God.
Let the body's pain and smart
Hinder not her flight to Thee,
Nor the calm Thou givest me ;
Keep Thou up the sinking heart.

Grant me never to complain,
Make me to Thy will resign'd
With a quiet, humble mind,
Cheerful on my bed of pain.
In the flesh who suffers thus,
Shall be purified from sin,
And the soul renew'd within :
Therefore pain is laid on us.

I commend to Thee my life,
 And my body to the cross :
 Never let me think it loss
 That I thus am freed from strife.
 Wholly Thine ! my faith is sure ;
 Whether life or death be mine
 I am safe if I am Thine ;
 For 'tis Love that makes me pure.



SUBMISSION.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."
PSALM lxxv. 2.



TATHER divine ! to Thee,
In this the holy, solemn autumn-
time,
My soul anew would consecrated be ;
My aims, my hopes, my wishes all be thine.

Let every storm be stayed,
Each throb of selfish care forgotten be ;
My heart, no more of earthly ills afraid,
Resigns its all to Thee !

Calm dawn of peace,
O bless my soul once more, a welcome guest,
Bid each rude chord of worldly passion cease,
And sorrow bring no more its dark unrest.

Thou, before whom
The purest angel veils his radiant face,
To Thee, the High, the Holy One, I come
Pleading for strength, for mercy, and for
grace.

Thou who dost see
The agony a human heart can bear,
In loneliness I yield to Thy decree ;
In loneliness beseech Thy hand to spare.

Weary of life the wounded spirit faints,
Yet bows in confidence beneath Thy rod ;
The hour will come when, freed from earth's
restraints,
My soul shall know Thee nearer, Oh my
God !

A little way
Still reaches onward in this human strife :
Press on, my soul, for an eternal day
Shall consummate the close of mortal life.

Imperfect though my prayer,
My heart its future state resigns to Thee :
If but Thy favour I may seek to share,
My lot whilst here can never hopeless be.

Faint not, nor weary be,
All sorrow ceases when the goal is won ;
I would with joy be what Thou makest me :
Father in earth as heaven, Thy will be
done !



I HOLD STILL.

PAIN'S furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow ;

And all my heart in anguish shivers
And trembles at the fiery glow :
And yet I whisper, As God will !
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes, and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so,
Into His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer, blow on blow :
And yet I whisper, As God will !
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow :
And yet I whisper, As God will !
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be ;

Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me.
So I say, trusting, As God will !
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand ;
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand :
So I say, praying, As God will !
And hope in Him, and suffer still.



COULDST THOU NOT WATCH ONE
HOUR?

THE night is dark; behold the shade
was deeper

In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the
weary sleeper, —

Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with
me?

Oh thou, so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience through this hour only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
 The soldier sleep beneath his plumèd crest,
 And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and
 valley,
 But thou, O Christian! must not take thy
 rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid
 thee,
 With Him who trod the wine-press all alone;
 Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid
 thee,
 One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images forever thronging
 From out the foregone life thou liv'st no
 more;
 Faint-hearted mariner, still art thou longing
 For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
 To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
 Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
 To walk among the children of thy God?

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration;
 Living by that high faith to thee so dim;
 Declaring before God their dedication, —
 So far from thee, because so near to Him.

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription :

“Behold! we count them happy who endure?”

What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
titan,

Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy true and glorious
promise

For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?

No hand can take away the treasure from us,

That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul! I know that thou art
seeking

Some easier way, as all have sought before,

To silence the reproachful inward speaking,

Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,

The way too narrow for thy inward pride;

Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure

At the low footstool of the Crucified.

O that thy faithless soul one hour only

Would comprehend the Christian's perfect
life;

Despised with Jesus, — sorrowful and lonely, —

Yet calmly looking upward in the strife.

For poverty's free self-renunciation,
Thou, Father, yielddest back a thousand-fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Cometh a joy they never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can only find its peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for his release.

And He will come in his own time and power,
To set His earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful
hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for
thee.



HERMON.

"As the dew of Hermon . . . which descendeth upon the mountains of Zion." — PSALM cxxxiii: 3.

"And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." — JOHN xiv: 16.



FROM Thy habitation, Holy
Spirit of all Truth, descend,
While we sinners, poor and lowly,
At the Throne of Mercy bend;
Help our weakness,
And a gracious answer send!

Come Thou, as the dew of Hermon
Softly falls on Zion's hill;
Let us in Thy strength determine
Henceforth to obey Thy will;
Dwell within us;
Let Thy grace our bosoms fill.

Brooding o'er us, as on chaos,
Cause our darkness to retreat;
Shine into our hearts, and lay us
Humbled at the Mercy-Seat;
Guide us, — use us
As Thy sovereign love sees meet.

When the heart is crush'd and broken,
 When bereavement dims the eye,
 Let us claim the promise spoken
 By those lips that cannot lie.
 Blessed Saviour,
 Send Thy Spirit from on high !

When we tread the waves of Jordan,
 Oh, be near us, Sacred Guest !
 Seal to us our hope of pardon ;
 Dove-like o'er each billow's crest
 Do Thou hover,
 Guiding to eternal rest.



GENNESARET.

“And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inso-much that the ship was covered with the waves: but He was asleep. And the disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us: we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea: and there was a great calm.” — MATTHEW viii. 24-26.



ON the lone bosom of a lake
Contending surges fiercely met;
“Be still,” ’twas thus the Saviour
spake,
And thou wert calm — Gennesaret!

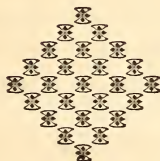
Whene’er with sad forebodings fill’d,
When guilty fears my bosom fret,
I’ll turn to Him who gently still’d
Thy raging waves — Gennesaret!

I’ll think of that more fearful storm,
When wrathful thunders fiercely met
Around the Cross of Him whose form
Moved ’mid thy waves — Gennesaret!

When quivering lip, and eyeball dim,
Proclaim life’s sun about to set,
I’ll lean upon the arm of Him
Who still’d thy waves — Gennesaret!

Safe landed on that heavenly shore
 My heart shall have but one regret —
 That here I did not love Him more,
 Who walk'd thy waves — Gennesaret !

Lord ! let Thy love my bosom fill,
 While toss'd on life's rough surges yet ;
 Speak Thine own mandate — “Peace, be still !”
 Which calm'd, of old, Gennesaret.



MY SHEPHERD.



THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do Thy sweetest pastures
grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should Thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

The footsteps of Thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,
Bought with Thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink His richest blood;
Safe on these hills, my soul would roam,
Till my Belovèd leads me home.

NEARER.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !



HAIL THE LIGHT.



COME, my soul, thou must be wak-
 ing;
 Now is breaking
 O'er the earth another day;
 Come to Him who made this splendor:
 See thou render
 All thy feeble powers can pay.

Lo! how all of breath partaking,
 Gladly waking,
 Hail the sun's enlivening light!
 Plants, which dews of morning nourish,
 Rise and flourish
 When He breaks the shades of night.

Thou, too, hail the light returning;
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers,
 For the night is safely ended;
 God hath tended,
 With His care, thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
 Each endeavour,

When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth ;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within ;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Fettered to the fleeting hours,
All our powers,
Vain and brief, are borne away.
Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
To the gulf of death a prey.

Mayst thou, then, on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.



THE SECOND COMING.



REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
The darker night is near.

The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh:
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go, meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

Oh! wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel-choir.

The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand ;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand !

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear ;
Arise, Thou Sun so looked for,
O'er this benighted sphere !
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with Thee !



BEHOLD THE LAMB.



BEHOLD the Lamb!
 O Thou for sinners slain,
 Let it not be in vain
 That Thou hast died;
 Thee for my Saviour let me take,
 Thee, Thee alone, my refuge make;
 Thy piercèd side.

Behold the Lamb!
 Archangels, fold your wings!
 Seraphs, hush all the strings
 Of million lyres!
 The Victim veil'd on earth, in love
 Unveil'd, enthroned, adored above,
 All heaven admires.

Behold the Lamb!
 All hail Eternal Word!
 Thou universal Lord
 Purge out our leaven;
 Clothe us with godliness and good;
 Feed us with thy celestial food,
 Manna from heaven!

Behold the Lamb!
Saints, who in blissful rest
Wait to be fully blest;
Oh Lord! — how long!
Thou church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears,
Still, in this vale of woe and tears,
Swell the full song.

Behold the Lamb!
Worthy is he alone
To sit upon the throne
Of God above.
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All Light, all Love.



AT THE CROSS.

LOW, my contrite tears, flow faster,
Thus my guilt and sin bemoan.
Mourn, my heart, in deeper anguish,
Over sorrows not thine own!

See a spotless Lamb draw nigh
To Jerusalem, to die
For thy sins, the sinless One!
Think! ah, think, what thou hast done.

See him stand, while cruel fetters
Bind the hands that framed the world!
While around him bitter mocking,
Laughter and contempt are hurled.
Heathen rage and Jewish scorn,
Meekly for our sins are borne;
Sin has brought Him from above!
Who can fathom such a love?

Can we view the Saviour given
To the smiter's hands for us?
Can we all, unmoved, unhumbled,
See him mocked and slighted thus?

View the thorny chaplet red
On his meek and bleeding head;
Hear the loud and angry din,
And not tremble for our sin?


Must I, Jesus, thus behold Thee
In thy toil and sorrow here?
Can I nothing better yield Thee
Than my unavailing tear?
Lamb of God! I weep for Thee,
Weep thy cruel cross to see,
Weep for death that Death destroys,
Weep for grief that brings me joys.

Poor is all that I can offer,
Soul and body while I live;
Take it, O my Saviour, take it —
I have nothing more to give.
Come, and in this heart remain,
Let each enemy be slain;
Let me live and die with Thee,
To thy kingdom welcome me.



JUST AS I AM.

“Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.”

UST as I am — without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to
Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am — Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.



LOVE'S MOTIVE.

MY God, I love Thee — not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

But O, my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward; —
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

E'en so I love Thee and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.



THE SUPPLIANT.



LL night the lonely suppliant
prayed,

All night his earnest crying made;

Till standing by his side at morn

The tempter said in bitter scorn,

“O peace! what profit do you gain

From empty words and babblings vain?

‘Come Lord! O come!’ you cry alway,

You pour your heart out night and day,

Yet still no murmur of reply,

No voice that answers ‘Here am I.’”

Then sank that stricken heart in dust,

That word had withered all its trust;

No strength retained it now to pray,

While Faith and Hope had fled away;

And ill that mourner now had fared

Thus by the tempter’s art ensnared,

But that at length beside his bed,

His sorrowing angel stood and said,

Doth it repent thee of thy love,

That never now is heard above

Thy prayer? that now not any more

It knocks at Heaven’s gate as before?

“I am cast out. I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace;
‘Come, Lord, O come!’ I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never until now have won
The answer — ‘Here am I, my son.’”

“O dull of heart! enclosed doth lie
In each, ‘Come, Lord’ an ‘Here am I,’
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine,
Reflections of a love divine;
Thy very prayer to thee was given
Itself a messenger from heaven;
Whom God rejects, they are not so;
Strong bands are round them in their woe,
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass
That sigh or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart;
All other gifts unto His foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows,
But Love’s sweet smart and costly pain,
A treasure for His friends remain.”



CHRIST'S LONELINESS.

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his
peaceful bed ;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves to slumber on the voiceless deep ;
Eve hath its breath of balm
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed ;
All have their rest from care,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then, am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread,
Peace purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

I who once made Him grieve,
I who once bid His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn.

O why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love
Which would not, could not, cease,
Until it made me heir of joy above.


Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast,
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head!

Come! give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lovest, within
A heart, that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.



DIVINE EJACULATION.

REAT God, whose sceptre rules
the earth,
Distil Thy fear into my heart,
That being rapt with holy mirth
I may proclaim how good Thou art;
Open my lips that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, Thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay;
O call to mind Thy promise past,
Restore Thou them, cut these away;
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
The Mount whereto my hopes do flee;
O make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee;
Lord, let Thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine ;
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone — this heart of mine ?
No, Lord, till Thou new-bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of Light, O living Breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with Life that hath no death ;
Fill me with Light that hath no shade ;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of gods — before whose throne
Stand storms and fire — O what shall we
Return to heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee ?
We have no offering to impart
But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou that sitt'st in Heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
Command my soul, and cure my sin ;
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me :

If what I craved or what I have
Be not possest and blest in Thee ;
What I enjoy, O make it mine,
In making me that have it Thine.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends — when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things in it change :
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never,
Where once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st forever.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel and live ;
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire !



THE LENT JEWELS:

A JEWISH TALE.



IN schools of wisdom all the day
was spent ;
His steps at eve the Rabbi home-
ward bent,
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the
wife,
And two fair children who consoled his life :
She meeting at the threshold led him in,
And with the words preventing did begin —
“Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I most so now ; for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried,
Upon one point which you shall now decide :
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich, precious gems they
were,
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long
That now it almost seems to me a wrong

That he should suddenly arrive to-day
To take those jewels which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them
back,

And with no murmuring — so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see,
Almost as mine forever, mine in fee?"

"What question can be here? Your own true
heart

Must needs advise you of the only part.
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent;
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long."


"Good is the word," she answered. "May we
now

And evermore that it is good allow!"
And rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one
bed,

Two children pale; and he the jewels knew
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.



THE CONTENTED HEART.

Y Father and my God,
O set this spirit free!
I'd gladly kiss the rod
That drove my trembling soul to
Thee
And made it Thine eternally.

Sweet were the bitterest smart,
That with the bended knee
Would bow this broken heart;
For who, my Saviour, who could be,
A sufferer long that flies to Thee?

The tears we shed for sin,
When Heaven alone can see,
Leave truer peace within,
Than worldly smiles which cannot be
Lit up, my God, with smiles from Thee.

Then give me any lot,
I'll bless Thy just decree;
So Thou art not forgot,
And I may ne'er dependent be
On any friend, my God, but Thee.

As needle to the pole,
There fix'd but tremblingly,
Such be my trusting soul;
Whate'er life's variations be,
Forever pointing, Lord, to Thee!



HYMN FOR MORNING.



JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of thy Father's
face ;
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above ;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;

May guile depart and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

And Christ shall be our daily food;
Our daily drink, His precious blood;
And thus the Spirit's calm excess
Shall fill our souls with holiness.

O hallowed be the approaching day,
Let meekness be our morning ray;
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright.

O, Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see,
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.



THE CHILD.




QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care —
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone —
Let me thus with Thee abide
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,

May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears ;
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

OT all at once, not in Thy wrath,
O Lord,
Break Thou these stubborn hearts
of ours, we pray!

Not all at once — for we are weak, and they
Draw trembling back from that Thy fiery
sword.

But as a tender mother day by day
Weans the weak babe she loves lest it should
pine ;

So wean us, Lord — so make us wholly Thine,
Lest in our feebleness we start away
From Thy loved chastening ; for we could not
bear

The sudden vision of ourselves and Thee,
Or learn at once how vain our bright hopes be ;
Then be our earthly weakness, Lord, Thy care,
And e'en in wounding heal, in breaking spare.

JOY IN CHRIST.

REJOICE in Christ alway ;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong
day

And peace shuts in the night.
Rejoice, when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress,
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice, when festal boughs
Our winter walls adorn,
And Christians greet with hymns and vows
The Saviour's natal morn.

Rejoice, when mourning weeds
The widowed church doth wear,
In memory of her Lord who bleeds,
While Christians fast to prayer.

Rejoice, in hope and fear ;
Rejoice in life and death ;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth :


When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ His brethren calls —
Who hear and know His guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls.

Yet not to rash excess,
Let joy like ours prevail ;
Feast not on earth's deliciousness,
Till faith begins to fail.
Our temperate use of bliss,
Let it to all appear ;
And be our constant watchword this —
The Lord himself is near !

Take anxious care for nought,
To God your wants make known ;
And soar on wings of heavenly thought
Toward His eternal throne ;
So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.



WHOLLY THINE.

ISE, O my soul, with thy desires
to Heaven,
And with divinest contemplation
use

Thy Time where Time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts
abuse ;

But down in darkness let them lie,
So live they better, let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy Cross whence thy salvation came ;
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die ;
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee (O Jesu) I direct my eye,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees,
To Thee my heart, shall offer sacrifice ;
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only
sees,
To Thee myself, myself and all, I give,
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

LIGHT OF THE NIGHT.



THOU brightness of Thy Father's
face,

Thou Sun of heavenly day,

Thou Christ, whose gracious beams
remove

The soul's dark shades away :

The Sun is sunk ; the shadowy night

Is reigning in his room ;

Continue, Lord, Thy saving help,

And keep us through the gloom.

What though our eyes be sunk in sleep,

To Thee our hearts ascend ;

Do Thou with Thine Almighty hand

Thy loving saints defend.

What though, by earthly woes oppressed,

The body wearied lies,

Yet may our spirit freely wing

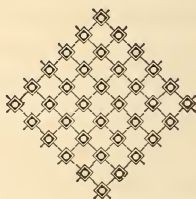
Its passage to the skies.

O Thou who art our only hope,

Thy help we humbly crave :

Defend Thy blood-bought people, Lord !
Whom Jesus died to save.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.



JESUS, CHILD AND LORD.

WHEN Mary bids thee sleep, thou
 sleepest ;
Thou wakest when she calls ;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

When Joseph takes thee in his arms
 And smooths thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
 So helpless and so meek.

Yes, dearest Babe ! those tiny hands,
 That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
 This very moment bear.

While thou art clasping Mary's neck
 In timid, tight embrace,
The boldest seraphs veil themselves
 Before thine infant face.

When Mary hath appeased thy thirst
 And hushed thy feeble cry,

The hearts of men lie open still
Before thy slumbering eye.

O dear, O wakeful-hearted child !
Sleep on, dear Jesus, sleep !
For thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.



FAITH'S ANSWER.



TILL, as of old, Thy precious word
Is by the nations dimly heard;
The hearts its holiness hath stirred
Are weak and few;

Wise men the secret dare not tell;
Still in thy temple slumbers well
Good Eli; oh, like Samuel —
Lord, here am I!

Few years, no wisdom, no renown,
Only my life can I lay down;
Only my heart, Lord! to Thy throne
I bring! and pray
That child of Thine I may go forth,
And spread glad tidings through the earth,
And teach sad hearts to know Thy worth —
Lord, here am I!

Thy Messenger, all-loving One!
The errands of Thy truth to run,
The wisdom of Thy holy Son
To teach and live!

No purse or scrip, no staff or sword;
Be pure intent my wings, O Lord!
Be innocence my magic word —
Lord, here am I!

Young lips may teach the wise, Christ said;
Weak feet sad wanderers home have led,
Small hands have cheered the sick one's bed
With freshest flowers!
Yet teach me, Father! heed their sighs,
While many a soul in darkness lies
And waits this message; make me wise —
Lord, here am I!

And make me strong; that staff, and stay,
And guide, and guardian of the way,
To Thee-ward I may bear each day
Some precious soul.
“Speak, for I hear!” make “pure in heart”
Thy face to see. Thy truth impart
In hut and hall, in church and mart —
Lord, here am I!

I ask no heaven till earth be Thine,
Nor glory-crown while work of mine
Remaineth here: when earth shall shine
Among the stars,
Her sins wiped out, her captives free,
Her voice a music unto Thee,
For crown, new work give Thou to me —
Lord, here am I!

DIVINE ORDER.



IS first the true, and then the beautiful,
 Not first the beautiful and then the true ;
 First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,
 Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good, and then the beautiful,
 Not first the beautiful and then the good ;
 First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
 Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful,
 But first the sorrowful, and then the glad :
 Tears for a day, — for earth of tears is full —
 Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,
 But first the dark, and after that the bright :
 First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
 First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'Tis first the night — stern night of storm and
war,

Long nights of heavy clouds and veiled skies —
Then the far sparkle of the Morning-star,
That bids the saints awake, and dawn arise.



LOST, BUT FOUND.



WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one!

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.

They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair,
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is!
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in his blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!



STILL WITH THEE.



TILL, still with Thee, when purple
morning breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the
shadows flee ;

Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness — I am with
Thee !

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born !
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn !

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slum-
ber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with
Thee !



THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere
which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the
dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were
given?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer;
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in
Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing
wind,

In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last :
Shall it expire with life and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Awaits thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the
scroll ;
And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same belovèd name ;
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the
same ?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this —
The wisdom which is love — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?



CITY OF GOD.



Y feet are worn and weary with the
march

O'er the rough road and up the
steep hill-side.

O City of our God! I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters
glide.

My hands are weary, toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat.
O City of our God! I fain would rest —
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briers and thorns that crowd my
way,
Would fain be made, O Lord my righteousness!
Spotless and white in Heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth.
O City of our God! within thy walls
All — all are clothed again with thy new
birth.


My heart is weary of its own deep sin —
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain?

Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were
worn,
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary
too;
His garments stained and travel-worn and old,
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,
Toil on and wait in patience for thy rest.
O City of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls — Home of the loved and
blest.



THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

HEN on my ear your loss was
knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as cooling dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

"They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

“To any shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain-side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

“But nought can lure the timid things,
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie —

“Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
When, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o’er rock and snow.

“And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.”

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free,
O’er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way —

Holding our little lamb asleep.

And like the burden of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow Me."



MINISTERING SPIRITS.



WHY come not spirits from the realms
of glory,
To visit earth, as in the days of
old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown
cold?

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before The One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean
now;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No: earth has angels, though their forms are
moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below;

Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions
folded,
We know them by the love-light on their
brow.


I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow :
Their's was the soft tone and the soundless
tread ;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the
willow,
They stood "between the weeping and the
dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers
there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison ;
In crowded halls ; by the lone widow's
hearth ;
And where they passed the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had
birth.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

THE CALM OF THE SOUL.

HEN winds are raging o'er the
upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with
angry roar —

'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love,
Purest!

There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in
Thee!

O rest of rests ! O peace serene, eternal !
 Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never,
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
 Fulness of joy for ever and for ever.

THE NEW SONG.

EARTH has a joy unknown in heaven,
 The new-born peace of sin forgiven !
 Tears of such pure and deep de-
 light,

Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old, on chaos rise,
 The beauteous pillars of the skies ;
 Ye know where Morn exulting springs,
 And Evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
 Abroad His errands ye fulfil ;
 Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
 Symphonious in His presence play.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
 And all your knowledge will be mine ;
 Ye on your harps must lean to hear
 A secret chord that mine will bear.

THE PILGRIM.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and
wait.

Knock — He knows the sinner's cry ;
Weep — He loves the mourner's tears ;
Watch — for saving grace is nigh ;
Wait — till heavenly grace appears.

Hark ! it is the Saviour's voice —
“ Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ! ”
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest ;
Safe from all the lures of vice ;
Owned by joys the contrite know ;
Bought by love, and life the price ;
Blest the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains ?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pains :

Fear the hope of heaven shall flee;
Shame from Glory's view retire;
Doubt in full belief shall die;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

THE QUESTION.

MY spirit longeth for Thee
To dwell within my breast,
Although I am unworthy
Of so divine a Guest.

Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest,
Until it come to Thee.

Until it come to Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy bleeding love;
Oh let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

THE ANSWER.




CHEER up, desponding soul!
Thy longing pleased I see;
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I longed for thee!

Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne,
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for my own!

To claim thee for my own
I suffered on the Cross;
Oh, were my love but known,
All else would be as dross!

All else would be as dross!
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gains but loss,
To live for ever mine!

CHRIST OUR ONLY JOY.

ESUS! the very thought of Thee
 With gladness fills my breast;
 But dearer far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek!
 To those who fall how kind Thou art,
 How good to those who seek!

And those who find Thee find a bliss
 Nor tongue nor pen can show!
 The love of Jesus — what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou!
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

CHRIST'S KINGSHIP.



CHRIST, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust Thy word,
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend Thine ear.

In Thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqu'ror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

THE FEAST.



BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from Heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled,
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.


O Water life bestowing !
From out the Saviour's heart
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art.
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness never wasting
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore ;
Thy faithful Word believing,
We take — and doubt no more.

Give us, Thou true and loving !
On earth to live in Thee ;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see !



GRATITUDE TO CHRIST.

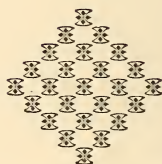
 LOVE Thee, O my God! but not
For what I hope thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

I love Thee, O my God! and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art,
Who first hast lovèd me.

For me to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace.
For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself—all, all for me,
For me, Thine enemy.

Then shall I not, O Saviour mine!
Shall I not love Thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast lovèd me, O Lord!



IN THE FIGHT.



CHRIST, the leader of that war-
worn host

Who bear Thy cross — now help,
or we are lost !

Disperse the foes, who long in deadly strife
Have sought our life !


Come, Lord ! and shield Thy children with Thine
arm !

Restrain the power of him who seeks our harm ;
O'er all that would Thy members here assail,
Do Thou prevail !

And grant us peace within the church and school,
Peace to the powers that our fair country rule ;
To every wounded conscience, aching heart,
Thy peace impart !

And heaven and earth eternally shall raise
(Thy goodness and Thy boundless love to praise)
Glad songs to Thee, the Guardian of Thy
flock,
Our sheltering rock !

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

ERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in Thee?


Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where evermore the angels sing,
Where Sabbaths have no end.

'There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know.
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe;
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for Thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

A COMPASSIONATE HIGH PRIEST.

HEN gathering clouds around I
view,
And days are dark and friends are
few,

On Him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He feels my griefs, He sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Then He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.


And oh, when I have safely past,
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away :

When from my sight all fades away,
And when my tongue no more can say,
And when mine ears no more can hear,
And when my heart is racked with fear ;
When all my mind is darkened o'er,
And human help can do no more,

Then come, Lord Jesus ! come with speed,
And help me in my hour of need, —
Then hide my sins, and let my faith
Be brave and conquer ev'n in death ;
Then let me, resting on Thy word,
Securely sleep in Thee, my Lord.



DAILY DEPENDENCE.

HEN streaming from the eastern
skies,
The morning light salutes mine
eyes ;

O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

When to heaven's great and glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in Thy name :
My conscience sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

As every day Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares —
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend ;
Teach me Thy precepts, all divine,
And be Thy pure example mine.

When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart,
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,

I turn and sigh and long for rest;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant Thy servant sweet relief.

Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low,
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need
For Thou, on earth, wast poor indeed!

Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings on my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state —
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with Thee.

When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done;
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed —
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

“IF IT BE POSSIBLE, LET THIS CUP
PASS FROM ME.”



LET this cup pass, my Father ! I am
sinking

In the deep waters which surround
my soul,

And bitter grows the draught which I am
drinking,

And higher rise the waves that round me
roll.

Forsake me not in this my need extremest !

Let not Thy strengthening hand elude my
grasp !

I know Thy love, even when Thou harshest
seemest, —

Father most merciful ! let *this* cup pass !

Life hath not laid her hand upon me lightly, —

I have known sorrow, disappointment, pain ;
Have seen hope clouded when it burned most
brightly,

And false love fade, and falser friendships
wane.

But now, fresh chains about my heart are linking,
And to my lip is pressed a fuller cup,
And from the draught my shuddering soul is
shrinking;

Father! I cannot, *cannot* drink it up!

What have I said? Will not Thy grace sustain me?

Is Thine arm shortened that it cannot save?
Powerless indeed if Thou, my God, disdain me,
I can do all things with the help I crave.

Haste Thee to help me! that, on Thee depending,
I may have strength to say, "Thy will be
done," —

If this cup may not pass, Thine angel sending,
Aid me, as Thou of old didst aid Thy Son!


And Thou, my Saviour! once our weakness
sharing,

Tempted in all things, yet untouched by sin,
Hear my wild cry! leave not my soul despairing!

Help me the cross to bear, the crown to win!



A PRAYER FOR FAITH.

TERNAL Power, of earth and air!
Unseen, yet seen in all around,
Remote, but dwelling everywhere,
Though silent, heard in every
sound,

If e'er Thine ear in mercy bent
When wretched mortals cried to Thee;
And if, indeed, Thy Son was sent
To save lost sinners such as me;

Then hear me now while, kneeling here,
I lift to Thee my heart and eye,
And all my soul ascends in prayer,
Oh *give me — give me faith!* I cry.

Without some glimmering in my heart
I could not raise this fervent prayer;
But Oh! a stronger light impart,
And in Thy mercy fix it there.

While Faith is with me I am blest;
It turns my darkest night to day;
But while I clasp it to my breast
I often feel it slide away.

Then, cold and dark, my spirit sinks
To see my light of life depart ;
And every friend of hell, methinks,
Enjoys the anguish of my heart.

What shall I do, if all my love,
My hopes, my toil, are cast away,
And if there be no God above
To hear and bless me when I pray ;

If this be vain delusion all,
If death be an eternal sleep,
And none can hear my secret call,
Or see the silent tears I weep ?

Oh help me, God ! for Thou alone
Canst my distracted soul relieve ;
Forsake it not ; it is Thine own,
Though weak, yet longing to believe.

Oh drive these cruel doubts away,
And make me know that Thou art God !
A faith that shines by night and day
Will lighten every earthly load.

If I believe that Jesus died,
And, waking, rose to reign above,
Then surely sorrow, sin, and pride,
Must yield to peace, and hope, and love.

And all the blessed words He said
Will strength and holy joy impart;
A shield of safety o'er my head,
A spring of comfort in my heart.



LONGING FOR JESUS.



WATCHMAN, will the night of sin
Be never past ?

O Watchman, doth the day begin
To dawn upon thy straining sight at
last ?

Will it dispel
Ere long the mists of sense wherein I dwell ?

Now all the earth is bright and glad
With the fresh morn ;
But all my heart is cold and sad ;
Sun of the soul, let me behold thy dawn !
Come Jesus, Lord !
O quickly come, according to Thy word !

Do we not live in those blest days
So long foretold,
When Thou shouldst come to bring us light and
grace,
And yet I sit in darkness as of old,
Pining to see
Thy glory ; but Thou still art far from me.

Long since Thou cam'st to be the Light
Of all men here ;
And yet in me is nought but blackest night.

Wilt thou not then to me, thine own, appear?
 Shine forth and bless
 My soul with vision of Thy righteousness!

If thus in darkness ever left,
 Can I fulfil
 The works of light, while of all light bereft?
 How shall I learn in love and meekness still
 To follow Thee,
 And all the sinful works of darkness flee?

The light of reason cannot give
 Life to my soul;
 Jesus alone can make me truly live;
 One glance of His can make my spirit whole.
 Arise and shine
 On this poor, longing, wasting heart of mine.

Single and clear, not weak or blind,
 The eye must be,
 To which Thy glory shall an entrance find;
 For if Thy chosen ones would gaze on Thee,
 No earthly screen
 Between their souls and Thee must intervene.

Jesus, do Thou mine eyes unseal,
 And let them grow
 Quick to discern whate'er Thou dost reveal,
 So shall I be delivered from that woe,
 Blindly to stray,
 Through hopeless night, when all around is day.

THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING.

“In the day when I cried, thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.” — PSALM cxxxviii. 3.



BEHAVIOUR, beneath Thy yoke,
My wayward heart doth pine;
All unaccustomed to the stroke
Of love divine:

Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,
Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

“Perishing child of clay!
Thy sighing I have heard;
Long have I marked thy evil way,
How thou hast erred!

Yet fear not — by my own most holy name
I will shed healing through thy stricken frame.”

Praise to Thee, gracious Lord!
I fain would be at rest;
Oh now fulfil Thy faithful word
And make me blest;
My soul would lay her heavy burden down,
And take, with joyfulness, the promised crown.

“Stay, thou short-sighted child!
There is much first to do.

Thy heart so long by sin defiled
 I must renew ;
 Thy will must here be taught to bend to mine,
 Or the sweet peace of heaven can ne'er be
 thine."

Yea, Lord, but Thou canst soon
 Perfect Thy work in me,
 Till, like the pure, calm summer noon,
 I shine by Thee —
 A moment shine, that I Thy power may trace,
 Then pass in stillness to Thy heavenly place.

" Ah ! coward soul, confess
 Thou shrinkest from my cure,
 Thou tremblest at the sharp distress
 Thou must endure :
 The foes on every hand for war arrayed,
 The thorny path in tribulation laid.

" The process slow of years,
 The discipline of life,
 Of outward woes and secret tears,
 Sickness and strife —
 Thine idols taken from thee one by one,
 Till thou canst dare to live with me alone.

" Some gentle souls there are,
 Who yield unto my love,
 Who, ripening fast beneath my care,
 I soon remove ;

But thou stiff-necked art, and hard to rule,
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school."

My Maker and my King!
Is this Thy love to me?
Oh that I had the lightning's wing,
From earth to flee —
How can I bear the heavy weight of woes
Thine indignation on Thy creature throws?

"Thou canst not, O my child,
So hear my voice again —
I will bear all thy anguish wild,
Thy grief — thy pain;
My arms shall be around thee, day by day,
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward
way.

"In sickness I will be
Watching beside thy bed,
In sorrow thou shalt lean on me
Thy aching head;
In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,
Nor death itself shall sever from my love."

O grace beyond compare!
O love most high and pure!
Saviour, begin, no longer spare,
I can endure;
Only vouchsafe Thy grace, that I may live
Unto Thy glory, who canst so forgive.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.



AT this hushed hour, when all my
 children sleep,
 Here, in Thy presence, gracious
 God, I kneel;
 And, while the tears of gratitude I weep,
 Would pour the prayer which gratitude must
 feel;
 Parental love! O set Thy holy seal
 On these soft hearts which Thou to me hast
 sent;
 Repel temptation, guard their better weal;
 Be Thy pure spirit to their frailty lent,
 And lead them in the path their infant Saviour
 went.

I ask not for them eminence or wealth —
 For these, in wisdom's view, are trifling toys;
 But occupation, competence, and health,
 Thy love, Thy presence, and the lasting joys
 That flow therefrom; the passion which em-
 ploys
 The breasts of holy men; and thus to be
 From all that taints, or darkens, or destroys
 The strength of principle forever, free;
 This is the better boon, O God, I ask of Thee.

This world I know is but a narrow bridge,
And treacherous waters roar and foam below,
With feeble feet we walk the wooden ridge,
Which creaks, and shakes beneath us as we go;
Some fall by accident, and thousands throw
Their bodies headlong in the hungry stream,
Some sink by secret means, and never know
The hand which struck them from their transient dream,
Till wisdom wakes in death, and in despair they
scream.

If these soft feet, which now these feathers
press,
Are doomed the paths of ruin soon to tread;
If vice, concealed in her unspotted dress,
Is soon to turn to her polluted bed;
If Thy foreseeing eye discerns a thread
Of sable guilt, impelling on their doom,
O spare them not—in mercy strike them
dead;
Prepare for them an early, welcome tomb,
Nor for eternal blight let my false blossoms
bloom.

But if some useful path before them lie
Where they may walk obedient to Thy laws,
Though never basking in ambition's eye,
And pampered never with the world's applause,

Active, yet humble, virtuous too, the cause
Of virtue in the dwellings where they dwell,
Still following where Thy perfect spirit draws,
Releasing others from the hands of hell, —
If this be life, then let them longer live, 'tis
well.

How soft they sleep, what innocent repose
Rests on their eyes, from older sorrows free;
Sweet babes, the curtain I would not uncloze,
Which wraps the future from your minds and
me.

But, Heavenly Father, leaving them with
Thee, —

Whether or high or low may be their lot,
Or early death, or life await them, be
Their Guardian, Saviour, Guide, and bless the
spot
Where they shall live or die; till death, for-
sake them not.

Though persecution's arches o'er them spread,
Or sickness undermine, consuming slow;
Though they should lead the life their Sav-
iour led,

And His deep poverty be doomed to know;
Wherever Thou shalt order, let them go;
I give them up to Thee — they are not mine;
And I could call the swiftest winds that blow

To bear them from me to the Pole or Line,
In distant lands to plant the Gospel's bleeding
shrine.

When as a scroll these heavens shall pass
away,
When the cold grave shall offer up its trust,
When seas shall burn, and the last, dreadful
day
Restores the spirit to its scattered dust,
Then, Thou most merciful, as well as just,
Let not my eye, when elements are tossed
In wild confusion, see that darkest, worst,
Of painful sights, that ever parent crossed, —
Hear my sad, earnest prayer, and let not *mine*
be lost.



VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.



OME, Holy Spirit! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed
light!

Come, Father of the friendless
poor!

Giver of gifts, and Light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such consolations as endure.

The Soul's Refreshment and her Guest,
Shelter in heat, in labour Rest,
The sweetest Solace in our woe!
Come, blissful Light! O come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our inward fervour glow.

Where Thou art, Lord! there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy light can kill.

O let that light upon us rise,
Lord! heal our wounds, and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace! and with thy rains
Our barren spirits fertilize.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,
And quicken what the world would chill,
And homeward call the feet that stray:
Virtue's reward, and final grace,
The Eternal Vision face to face,
Spirit of Love! for these we pray.

Come, Holy Spirit! bid us live;
To those who trust Thy mercy give
Joys that through endless ages flow:
Thy various gifts, foretastes of Heaven,
Those that are named Thy sacred Seven,
On us, O God of love, bestow.



"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."



NOT here! not here! not where the
sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we
draw near :
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters ;—
I shall be satisfied — but O ! not here !

Not here — where every dream of bliss de-
ceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal ;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that
grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not
know,
Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is
stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts
abide,

And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told
us

Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds;
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds —

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague long-
ings —

The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O! what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tend-
ing;

Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me towards home, where all my wander-
ings ending,

I then shall see Thee, and "be satisfied."



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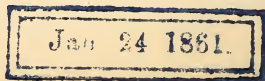
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THE END.

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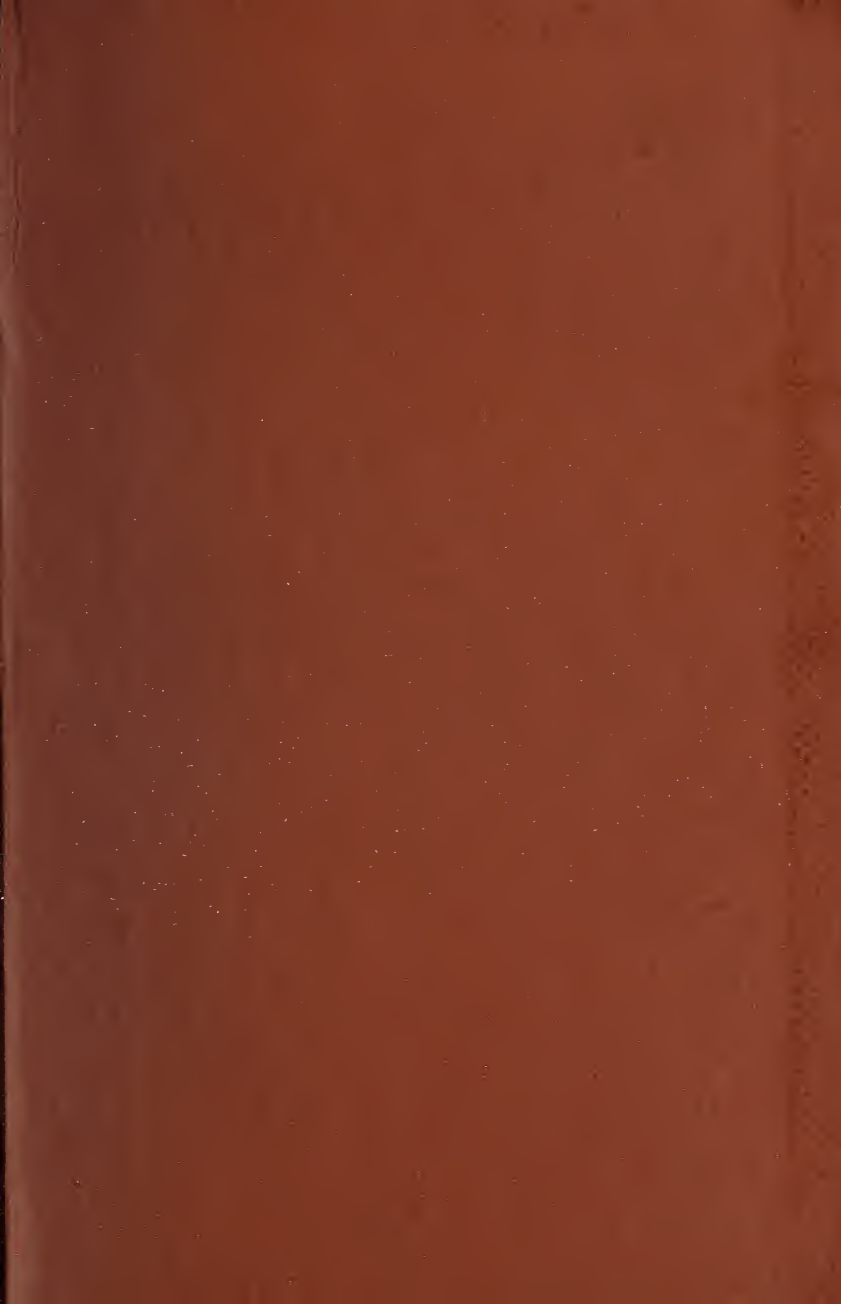


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